HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVI.—No. 1318. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Copyright, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

A FABLE—WITH A MODERN APPLICATION.

One day the Lion went out in search of some thievish animals that had been making depredations on his domain. On the way he fell in with the Fox, and as the latter acted in a suspicious manner, the Lion accused him of being one of the rascals he was looking for. The Fox, thinking to divert the Lion's attention, protested that he was no worse than others, and hypocritically pleaded that he did not know he had been doing anything wrong. "That is no excuse," said the Lion; "I shall not permit you to escape punishment; and will deal with your confederates also according to their deserts, whenever they fall into my power."

Attorney-General Brewster. "The uttermost penny lawlessly received and taken from the public treasury must be recovered."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 125, published March 21, contains an interesting short story by MR. JOHN HABBERTON, *the author of "Helen's Babies," entitled "The Legardeur Party"; another, by* MR. E. I. STEVENSON, *entitled "The Great R. K. R. R."; the usual installment of the Serial Story; and the second part of "Punchinello," whose adventures grow more wonderful as his career develops.*

"Where the Pearls Come From" is the title of a very entertaining as well as instructive article from the pen of DR. W. O. AYRES. *There is a delightful sketch of* MISS FANNY BURNEY, *entitled "The Music-Master's Daughter," by* MRS. M. E. SANGSTER, *that will interest the girls, while the boys are sure to take keen delight in* MR. JAMES OTIS'S *article on "Marbles."*

The illustrations in this Number are specially brilliant and attractive, and include a front-page from an oil-painting by ROSA BONHEUR, *entitled "A Humble Servant," and a tender scene from child and animal life, entitled "Sympathy."*

NEW YORK POLITICS.

COLLUSION between Tammany Hall and local Republican managers in the city of New York is a familiar fact, but it has been of great injury to the party, even if it has sometimes gained an election. In the present political situation the appearance of similar collusion of the Republicans in the Legislature with Tammany must have disagreeable consequences. The fact that the Tammany men voted with the Republicans would in itself prove nothing. But that having so voted, and the Republican minority having thus come into power, that its first use of power should be the promotion of Tammany adherents, is as strong evidence of an understanding as could be afforded. The conviction is strengthened by the vote of the Tammany contingent to confirm the Governor's nomination to the Superintendency of Prisons. We have already printed the report of the Governor's explanation of the change. He was satisfied that Mr. PILSBURY made an improper political use of the position, while the intention of the law under which he was appointed plainly is that there should be no such misuse. On its face, therefore, the reason was sufficient, and the Governor, sincerely believing that the trust was abused, was justified in the removal.

But how about the appointment of a successor? The obvious course for the Governor to pursue, according to his own reported statement, was to appoint a successor known to be fitted for the post, and also known not to be a "politician," nor likely to abuse the trust in precisely the way alleged against Mr. PILSBURY. To appoint a "politician," a person especially noted as such, was to discredit utterly the Governor's own reported account of the reasons for removing Mr. PILSBURY. And that such a nomination should be confirmed by the vote of a squad against which the suspicion of venality already lay was to suggest inevitably that the confirmation was due to a bargain. This is precisely what has happened. The Governor did not nominate a person known to be conspicuously fitted for the post, and known also to be wholly superior to political dickering, but, on the contrary, he selected a gentleman chiefly known as a political "manager," and the nomination was confirmed by the vote of those who had already received a consideration for a previous vote in the promotion of their associates. The friends of the Governor must be aware by this time that these events have seriously checked the rising regard for him upon the part of those of his own party who opposed his election.

It has been supposed that a "machine" candidate for the Governorship supported by the Administration might be proposed against Governor CORNELL, and the name of Mr. JOHN H. STARIN has been generally mentioned. But the result of the late election in Mr. STARIN'S Senatorial district has apparently chilled that expectation; and the cheers with which Governor CORNELL'S name was received at the late "Stalwart" banquet, at which the sentiment of "the grand combination of CONKLING and CREGAN" was hailed with enthusiasm, is held to indicate that there is no fatal breach between the Governor and his old friends. The suggestion that the President would regard Governor CORNELL'S re-election as contributing a dangerous competitor for the Presidential nomination of 1884, and that he would therefore prefer another candidacy, is disposed of by the consideration that if the Administration should concur cordially in the renomination of Governor CORNELL, it would have the credit of his re-election. At present, therefore, the Governor's apparent programme is reliance upon the kinder feeling of the "Half-Breeds," upon the support of "the machine" and the Administration, and upon the aid of Tammany. But to carry water without spilling upon both shoulders and upon the head, while walking upon the tight-rope, would task severely the most dexterous acrobat. The developments of the situation will be watched with interest. But it may be safely assumed that an alliance with Tammany will hardly promote Republican pride and enthusiasm, or increase the Republican vote.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT NEGOTIATION.

THE State Department has authorized a denial of the assertion of the London *Athenæum* that negotiations for a copyright convention had been suspended. The department states that a project for a convention approved by leading authors and publishers was submitted to Great Britain, and that a counter-project had been submitted by Great Britain to the United States. Both projects are now in the hands of the public printer, and as soon as copies can be obtained, negotiations will be continued. The *Evening Post*, in commenting upon the subject, makes the singular remark that

> "the chief peculiarity of the present negotiations is that they constitute the first attempt to secure copyright by what may be called ostensibly secret means. When any one has ventured to inquire what was actually being done, the leading publishers have laid their fingers mysteriously on their lips, and cried: 'Hush! hush! If you attract attention to what we are doing, you will spoil everything. The way to get copyright is not to let it be known what steps you are taking to get it.' At the same time, the publishers have not concealed the fact that they were engaged in securing foreign authors' rights by a treaty based on a compulsory publication of books in this country."

We have followed the course of the project with interest and attention, but we are not aware of any mystery or secrecy in the sense suggested by the *Post*. The negotiation of a treaty is not generally conducted in the newspapers. But there has been no concealment—nor can we imagine any reason for such concealment—of the fact that leading American authors and publishers had each addressed a separate petition to the State Department approving the draft of a treaty which had been submitted for its consideration by an American publishing house. There has been no concealment of the fact that the principle of that treaty was approved ten years ago by leading English authors—CARLYLE, RUSKIN, JOHN STUART MILL, DARWIN, HERBERT SPENCER, HUXLEY, FROUDE, LUBBOCK, JOHN MORLEY, WILLIAM BLACK, THOMAS HUGHES, HARRIET MARTINEAU, LEWES, TYNDALL, MCCARTHY, SALA, and others. There has been no mystery about the fact, which was duly telegraphed, that Mr. LOWELL, at the instance of Secretary EVARTS, had brought the subject to the attention of the British Government, that certain specified modifications of the project had been proposed, and that Mr. SACKVILLE-WEST came prepared to take up the negotiation with Secretary BLAINE. The reviews and the newspapers have also taken part in the discussion, and we are not aware that anybody has had any interest or object in stifling the debate.

The projected treaty proceeds upon the principle of the English and American law that copyright is a private grant for the public benefit, and that its terms are to be determined by considerations of expediency. The copyright law in this country rests upon the clause of the Constitution which empowers Congress "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Congress must determine to what authors, and for what times, and upon what conditions, this exclusive right shall be given. Whether rightly or wrongly, the Constitution does not recognize the absolute right of an author to control forever the publication of his work. The practical question for authors, therefore, is, as Professor HUXLEY pointed out in his evidence before the late English Parliamentary commission upon the copyright, whether they will reject every minor and possible advantage, and insist upon nothing less than the legal concession of their absolute and indefeasible right to control publication, or whether they will obtain what they can under existing laws and constitutions. Ten years ago the English authors decided to take the latter course, and agreed that there were "strong reasons for refusing to permit the British publisher to share in the copyright which they [the Americans] are willing to grant to the British author." The proposed treaty provides for the manufacture of the English book in this country. This is not free trade, nor, under our existing tariff laws, would the English manufacture and unrestricted sale in this country be free trade. But it is an arrangement which, under simple and feasible conditions, enhances the value of such rights as the law now grants to authors. Why should not authors support such a scheme? No author relinquishes his doctrine of the absolute right of control by hearty acceptance of as much control as he can secure.

ELECTING POSTMASTERS.

MR. SAUNDERS, of Nebraska, has introduced into the Senate a scheme which is approved by many persons as a capital device, and which has been often suggested as a remedy for many evils of the public service. Mr. SAUNDERS proposes that postmasters, United States marshals, district attorneys, collectors of internal revenue, and national officers, except judges, whose duties lie within one State, shall be elected by the people. This plan, especially as it concerns postmasters, has been frequently advocated. The New York *Herald*, nearly forty years ago, suggested it. Judge MCCRARY, ex-Secretary of War, proposed in the House of Representatives in 1872 an amendment to the Constitution in much the terms of Mr. SAUNDERS'S proposition, prescribing a term of four years for all civil officers, except judges, heads of departments, and those whose duties are temporary, and providing for election by the people of postmasters and other officers. The late CLARKSON N. POTTER said in the House in 1874 that he thought a remedy for great evils might be found by a local choice of postmasters and other officers.

The first report of what was called the Civil Service Commission in 1871, alluding to this point, said that there seemed to be two serious objections to the election of postmasters: "The first is that party divisions and organizations are so universal in this country that party spirit rather than local convenience would be very likely to decide such a contest; and the second is that the limits of a post-office constituency are so vaguely defined that it would be difficult to determine who might rightfully vote upon the question." The decisive consideration, however, is that increase of the number of elective subordinate offices is undesirable so long as some obviously better method of filling them is practicable. Mr. LYON PLAYFAIR said in Boston, last November: "In the last Ministry I was Postmaster-General, and nominally had between forty and fifty thousand appointments in my gift. In reality I had not one. Even the higher offices were competed for by any person in the service of the Post-office, and the claims were adjudicated by committees of experts, so that the Minister was a mere confirming officer." The English customs collectors are appointed from the service according to the record of their capacity and efficiency. Such records are a continuous competition of the officers.

The present Postmaster of New York, confessedly a worthy successor of the late Postmaster-General, who was long in the same place, was promoted from the Assistant Postmastership, and had risen regularly through the service. It is hardly possible that an election could have resulted so fortunately for the public interest. The chief places in the postal and customs service could generally be most satisfactorily and efficiently filled by promotion, if reasonable provision were made for procuring the fittest persons in the lower grades. The customs service at this port has just lost in the retirement of Mr. Deputy-Collector BALCH one of the most admirably competent customs officers in the country. Had a change in the Collectorship been contemplated, no appointment made from the outside, certainly none made upon the usual grounds, could have been so beneficial to the public service as the promotion of Mr. BALCH. But no inducement is held out to such officers to remain in the service, and they naturally seek a more promising career. There are many better ways of selecting postmasters, district attorneys, and marshals than a popular election.

THE SPOILS OF THE CENTRAL PARK.

THERE is nothing which is at once more comical and deplorable than the management of the Central Park. The meetings of the Commissioners have been the occasion of childish conduct, of which the reports amused the public for a few weeks like a broad farce, but which no longer raise even a smile. Meanwhile one of the noblest of pleasure-grounds, designed to be a work of landscape art constantly growing in attraction and beauty for the benefit of the people of the city, is in danger of ruin from mere ignorance and misconception. The Mayor might attempt to interfere, but his experience with the Police Commissioners has taught him what to expect, and he is not likely to expose himself to a foregone defeat. Legislative aid seems to be the only remedy. But what form it would take is extremely doubtful, and until public opinion is aroused to some decisive expression there seems to be no alternative but submission to the most ludicrous and exasperating mismanagement.

There is no man whose opinion upon the proper

control of the Central Park is more valuable than that of Mr. OLMSTED, who, with Mr. VAUX, originally designed the great pleasure-ground, and for a long time was its superintendent. Mr. OLMSTED has printed a pamphlet, *The Spoils of the Park*, for which some words of Mr. Commissioner WALES furnish a text. "This disorganized body," says Mr. WALES, of the board of which he is a member, "has been masquerading before the public, a headless trunk, without policy, without order, without well-defined purpose." Mr. OLMSTED evidently thinks that there is a purpose, and that it is the prostitution of the work of the Park to other ends than its improvement as a beautiful sylvan resort for the population of a great city. In support of this view he gives from his own experience some details of the history of the Park, which show that the malign influences which have now apparently become supreme have existed from the first, and were opposed only by the courage and intelligent public spirit of the managers and the executive officers. The original and correct view was that the Park is a landscape garden, and that if it is to continue to fulfill its purpose, an accomplished landscape artist must be in a position to secure the permanent pursuit of that object. The substitution of any other headship must inevitably result in the destruction of the main purpose of the Park. The Commissioners, of course, must be men who comprehend both the purpose and the means to its attainment.

The great embarrassment in the proper prosecution of this work has been the attempt to prostitute it to politics by making its patronage the means of rewarding petty politicians. The certain result of this endeavor was in the Park, as it is everywhere else, to produce a division into "practical men" and visionaries. The visionaries in the case of the Park were those who held that a work of landscape art should be directed by landscape artists in order to secure the benefit which it was designed to provide for the public. The practical men held that landscape art is gammon, that ignorance is as good as knowledge, that thickets and underbrush ought to be cleared up, and that the duty of a commissioner is to put his patronage "where it will do the most good." This contest for spoils—for that is the substance of it—has raged in the Park as in the administration of the national government, until the Park is evidently in peril, as the government is getting to be from the same cause. The Park is now managed, according to Mr. OLMSTED—and he is the most competent witness in the country—"in distinct contemptuous repudiation of the leading motives with which it was laid out." To counteract this course, and to secure the fulfillment of the original design and real object of the Park, Mr. OLMSTED proposes five things: a definition of the purpose of the Park, and of what may be legally sought in the work upon it; a board of directors, with a representation of landscape experts of admitted high standing; an executive office, with the executive duties of which the directors can not interfere; a professional adviser responsible for the pursuit of the main landscape design, who may be also the executive officer, if desirable; and finally, restraint of the tyranny known as advice, and the bribery called patronage. This is common-sense applied to a great public work, and unless it shall be applied soon, we have seen the best days of the Central Park.

ABUSING AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

A WRITER in the last *Fortnightly Review* says:

"The enlistment of the Irish in the Union ranks, their thronging to and exultant conduct in the field during the American war, was not a resistance to Southern demands, nor, so far as they thought at all, did it proceed from any desire to deny the justice of the Southern claim. It was a protest and preparation; it had an anti-English significance; and the easiest way to get a recruit for a Northern regiment was to say, 'On these fields you will learn how to serve Ireland when the time comes.'"

The same writer, who is evidently familiar with the facts, remarks that the head-quarters of Fenianism were in America, and that "but for the outbreak of the American civil war, nationalist Ireland would, at all events on American soil, have had a genuine army." It is in the interest of those who abuse American citizenship, whose hearts are loyal to another country, and who seek to make this country a basis for demonstrations against a friendly government, that a cry is raised from time to time about the protection of American citizens abroad.

American laws and American treaties properly make no distinction between native and naturalized citizens. But every American citizen has a right to be indignant with foreigners who seek American citizenship not for the purpose of becoming in good faith American citizens, but as a convenience and advantage either for private speculation or in their participation in the troubles of foreign countries. An Irishman, for instance, who obtains American naturalization in order that, with more impunity, he may defy and violate English law, abuses to the utmost the right which he obtains. There is no more contemptible demagoguery than flattering the "Irish vote" by a loud demand for the protection of American citizens abroad, meaning foreigners who become naturalized for foreign purposes. The American flag must protect every American citizen. Parliament sustained Lord PALMERSTON in the Don PACIFICO case because Don PACIFICO was under British protection. But every intelligent Englishman knew that Don PACIFICO was a worthless knave. The United States must see that prompt justice is done to every American citizen everywhere. But none the less will there be the profoundest contempt for every coward who becomes a citizen not that he may be an American, but in order that he may safely shake his fist and make faces at other countries. In accordance with these principles, and with instructions from the Secretary of State, our Minister in England, Mr. LOWELL, has asked the British Government that Americans detained under the Coercion Act shall be brought to speedy trial. This will doubtless be accorded.

But every man entitled to American protection ought to understand that he goes into a country which is in a state of war, or rebellion, or revolution, and in which the *habeas corpus* act has been suspended, at his own risk. If he suffer loss or inconvenience without violation of law, the Government of the disturbed country will be held to the responsibility. In the present case, Mr. LOWELL has asked a speedy determination of the question of violation of law. But that point will not be decided by the simple fact that an arrested person is an American. When British subjects were taken under suspicious circumstances during our civil war, they were not released merely because they were Englishmen. This Government will not abandon American citizens, but American citizens have duties to the governments of the countries to which they go.

MR. JUSTICE BLATCHFORD.

THE nomination of Judge BLATCHFORD to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has been received with universal approval. It is to be recorded to the honor of President ARTHUR that he has placed upon the highest bench two magistrates who have already greatly raised it in public confidence and respect. In the last case it is unfortunate that he should have marred the complete grace of his action by originally proposing to dispose of the place in a manner that aroused a storm of disapproval. It is always needless to provoke such opposition in making such a nomination, and there is no dignified post for which the selection ought to be more wholly free of all suspicion of personal or political favoritism than that of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

The public satisfaction with which the elevation of Judge BLATCHFORD has been received, a feeling which naturally takes the form of confidence in the President, shows that the surest dependence of the Chief Magistrate is upon the sincere approval of the country, and not the favor of scheming politicians.

Nothing would so commend the Administration to universal confidence and support as the evidence that the same considerations which persuaded the President to select Judges GRAY and BLATCHFORD are to guide him in other and less important appointments.

A SUSPICIOUS LITTLE BILL.

IN recently speaking of Congress we said that it was very difficult to gather from the brief reports in the newspapers what was really said in debate. Of the bills passed little is known, except when they are of a kind to appeal to general public interest, like the anti-polygamy or anti-Chinese bill, or some important financial measure. The same thing is true of the State Legislatures. There are bills of all kinds constantly introduced of which the public knows nothing, although for many reasons the public may have a vital interest in them, and many a sly private enterprise in a public garb would be defeated if only due notice had been served upon the State.

Legislators themselves are often ignorant of the real nature of many of the bills upon which they are called to vote. But there is a general class of projects of which it is always wise to be suspicious, which it is useful to challenge at once, and to demand thorough knowledge before consenting to support them. There is one of this kind now pending in the New York Legislature which every member may profitably scan and question with exceeding care before he commits himself by action upon it. We allude to a little bill which provides that a copy of WEBSTER's quarto dictionary shall be placed in every school district of the State, and of course at the expense of the State.

There are a great many excellent works which would be useful in every school district. A legible Bible would be an admirable district possession. The life of FRANKLIN and of GEORGE STEPHENSON would be exceedingly useful and entertaining reading; and if the money held out, WEBSTER's and WORCESTER's dictionaries might be very well included, and RICHARDSON's dictionary would throw a great deal of light upon the use of the more common words in the best literature of our language. But there is no better reason for buying WEBSTER's quarto for the school districts than any of the other desirable works that we have mentioned. Why not a folio volume of the best maps? That would be as fitting a work for the schools, and quite as useful. Even if there were no other reason for discouraging this suspicious enterprise of buying a particular book of large price, it should be remembered that the question of the comparative merits of Webster and Worcester is not yet decided. They are both American works, and the opinion of the best authorities is at least quite as favorable to Worcester as to Webster. There are some twelve thousand school districts. WEBSTER's quarto is a large and expensive book. The bill strongly resembles a job. It invites the strictest investigation, and every member may profitably pause until he understands the matter.

PERSONAL.

THE manner in which the little princes and princesses of the Emperor of Austria are made to go through their studies is anything but humorous, judging by the following statement of Dr. RICHARD S. ROSENTHAL, who has been a tutor in the family. He says: "At two years of age the imperial children have French nurses, who talk nothing else but their own tongue. Thus a perfect accent is acquired. At the age of six the child is provided with a German tutor, who is in the society of the prince or princess half the time; so the child adds German to his French. At eight years of age an English tutor appears on the scene; then the child's day is divided into three parts—one devoted to French, one to German, and one to English. As soon as the young archduke is able to enter the officers' school he is provided with a Hungarian adjutant, who talks to him continually in that difficult tongue. In another year a Bohemian instructor comes on the stage, and so on, new languages being gradually added to the linguistic stock of the young prince. You will realize what a many-languaged empire it is that the Austrian Emperor rules over when I tell you that the Austrian paper florins each contain ten languages in their printed regulations. Recently, when the Princess STEPHANIE, of Belgium, was betrothed to the Austrian Crown Prince RUDOLPH, she had to take up the study of two of the most intricate and puzzling languages in the world, Hungarian and Bohemian, in order that she might be fitted to assume her future place as Empress of Austria-Hungary. I assure you that the princess, who is still studying, has shed many bitter tears over these languages."

—Mr. GLADSTONE is said to desire the presence of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH in Parliament, and that he will be brought forward as a ministerial candidate on the first available opportunity in Ireland.

—The charitable bequests recently made by the will of Miss SARAH BURR, of this city, are larger in amount than have ever been made by any woman in this country. The total is over $3,000,000. She was an Episcopalian, and the benevolent institutions of that Church come in for the largest share of her gifts.

—The sitting-room of Senator and acting Vice-President DAVID DAVIS at the National Hotel, Washington, is said to look like an Illinois law office. There is no carpet on the floor; a large wood fire crackles and blazes on the hearth; the chairs are capacious, with rush seats; and candles supply light in the evening.

—General SKOBELEFF, the distinguished Russian officer who is now the object of so much remark, is thirty-nine years old, but looks younger. In the morning he wears a stylish blue frock-coat and easy-fitting gray trowsers, hiding feet very small in proportion to his stature. His hand is of feminine delicacy, but unadorned with rings. The habit of poring over books, maps, and plans has induced a slight stoop.

—Mr. CLARK MORRISON, foreman and part proprietor of the Oswego *Palladium*, has been elected Mayor of that city. There is some fear expressed that the good name of the *Palladium* may be strained by his consenting to descend to the petty details of such an office.

—It seems that the new Dean of Westminster, Dr. BRADLEY, knows about other artillery than the canons of the Church. In a recent address to the Westminster Volunteers he told them that "he was probably the only dean in the Church of England who had gone through position and drill, and fired at the target."

—It is a conclusive and consolatory way of establishing one's credit when improperly assailed to call in a few neighboring millionaires, and take out of one's trunklet $53,000,000 of stocks at their face value, as did Mr. JAY GOULD one day last week, when some untruthful operator started a report that Mr. GOULD was in straitened circumstances, and selling out what few little odds and ends he had left.

—Minister MORTON evidently intends to pass some years abroad. Not only has he sold his paintings and leased his residence in this city, but his fine summer home at Newport has passed into the hands of a New York merchant.

—It may interest some of our readers to know that Mr. JOHN D. CUNNINGHAM, Jun., has an orchard of fifty thousand peach-trees near Griffin, Georgia, and will set out two hundred acres more in the fall. He thinks the prospect is very good for a large crop this year.

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES delights especially to tell a story on himself, if it be a good one; for instance, like the following: He was lecturing in Haverhill some time ago, and stopped with Dr. NICHOLS for the night. After the lecture the guest and host had some conversation, in the course of which it appeared that a certain stove-dealer of Haverhill was an old school-mate of the lecturer. It was agreed in the morning that they should visit the stove store, and the school-fellows should be made known to each other. This was done, and on introduction the poet asked the stove man if he had attended such a school when he was a boy. He had. Did he remember a boy in the same class named OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES? He did not. Had he ever heard the name since? He had not. Here the interview is said to have ended. Such is fame!

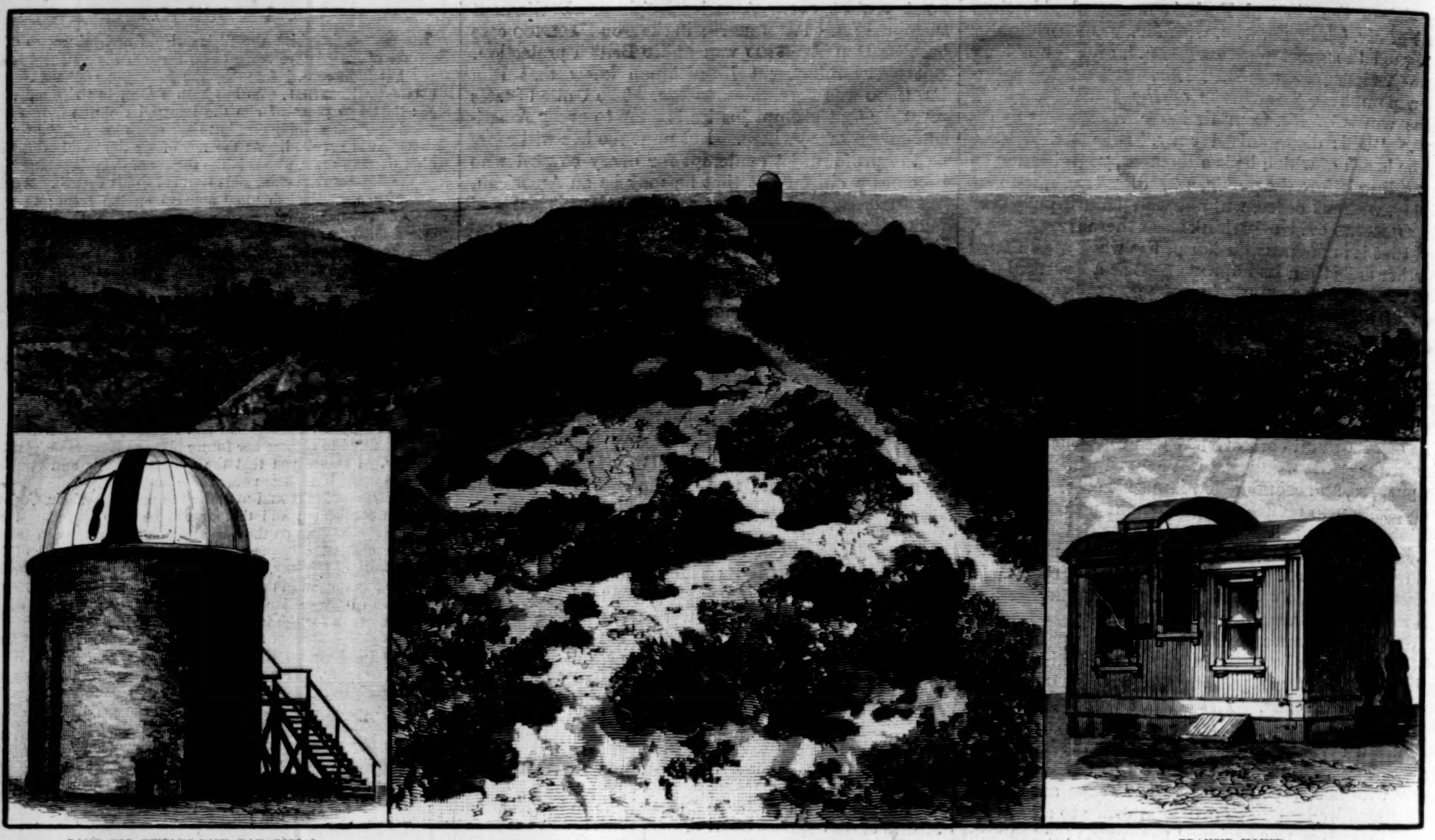
—Through the kindness of Lady LOWTHER, of Weeton Castle, and Lord HOUGHTON, Mr. W. H. BRADLEY has been enabled to present to the New England Congregational Church of Chicago the old baptismal font of Scrooby, England, the original home of Elder WILLIAM BREWSTER and other Pilgrim Fathers.

—Mr. GERRIT SMITH, the grandson and namesake of the distinguished abolitionist, has been appointed organist of St. Peter's Church, Albany. He has been studying abroad several years. His grandfather in his day was chiefly noted for making people "face the music" on the negro question.

—Mr. C. C. BALDWIN, of this city, president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, has just had completed the tower and spire of St. John's Church, Hagerstown, Maryland, in memory of his wife. The cost was about $20,000.

—The late Dr. PANCOAST, of Philadelphia, was one of the most opulent of American physicians. His estate is valued at about $1,000,000. It is said that Dr. GROSS—another eminent doctor—and he used frequently to play checkers until late hours, and that no other diversion pleased him so much. He was of old Quaker stock, and through life preserved many of the quaint traits of that people, of whom the witty SYDNEY SMITH said that he "did not believe there ever was a Quaker baby; that is to say, one born with a broad brim and in full quake."

—The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in speaking recently of the late Rev. Dr. E. H. CHAPIN, said: "He seemed to enjoy robust health; but he, like GREELEY, was a gormandizer, eating at all hours, and irregular in his sleeping. He would eat a hearty meal after a lecture late in the night, and go to bed on it. CHAPIN's rotundity was like mine, but he seemed hollow all the way down, while I am hollow like an old-fashioned pump-log with a small bore"—and here a hearty laugh came in. "But," added Mr. BEECHER, "I was very friendly to CHAPIN. Had he lived he would have been more orthodox than those who claim to be orthodox. In fact, he tended toward Catholicism, and had he lived I shouldn't have been surprised to hear that he kissed the Pope's toe. CHAPIN started out with universal salvation, but in his last days his mind became morbid, and he read nothing but religious books, and his friends tried to keep them away from him." Mr. BEECHER then gave an account of his own regimen and care in what he ate. When he wanted meat he ate meat, but was regular in his diet, and had no thought of death. He was ready for the dread summons at any time, but did not take any more heed of it than he did as to whether he would lie on his right or left side when he went to bed.



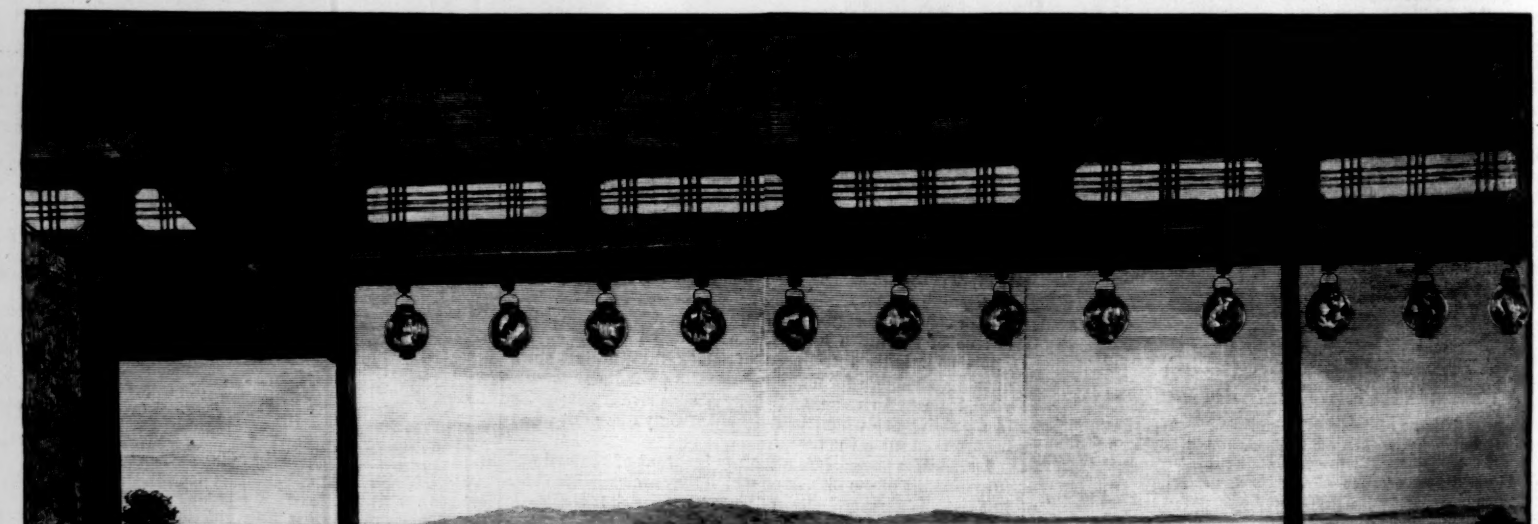
DOME FOR TWELVE-INCH EQUATORIAL. TRANSIT HOUSE.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY, CALIFORNIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. W. TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 182.]

A JAPANESE BANQUET.

TWENTY-THREE years ago an American physician, Dr. D. B. SIMMONS, left the United States and went to Japan to practice his profession among a strange race whose country had only recently been opened to foreigners. The prejudices of the people were strongly against him and his enlightened methods of treating human ailments. At first they would have nothing to do with him, and his early experiences were very discouraging. After a few months, however, fortune began to favor him. A severe epidemic of cholera broke out and raged from one end of the empire to the other. This was the "barbarian doctor's" opportunity, and he improved it. The services then rendered were appreciated by the government of Japan, and in 1869 Dr. SIMMONS was offered the chief direction of the Imperial Medical School and Hospital in Tokio, just then founded. This high honor he declined, but soon afterward he organized a hospital in Yokohama, where for nine years he treated many thousand patients, and taught his profession in a practical way to large numbers of native doctors, who went everywhere healing their fellow-countrymen.

In addition to his hospital work, Dr. SIMMONS was for several years medical adviser to the government, and chairman of the Foreign Board of Health, as well as consulting surgeon to the Police Hospital and the prison. A few weeks ago he left Japan for a scientific tour in India. The Emperor, in recognition of his services, conferred on him the order of the Rising Sun, and the medical staff and students of the imperial hospitals gave him a farewell banquet at Tokio. The latter event is illustrated on this page. The view represents the upper balcony of a Japanese restaurant overlooking the bay of Jeddo. The banquet was served according to the custom of the olden time. The large dishes resting upon mats in the centre of the assembly contained the various viands, which are served by courses, girls in bright holiday costume acting as servants. On the right were the foreign guests, and facing these, on the extreme left, were singing and dancing girls, who grace every native feast or festival even of the smallest pretensions. To the right and left of these minstrels were the ladies of the households of the convives, who are permitted to be spectators, but not participants. The heads of the feast sat in the centre of the company, while lying before them was a scroll inscribed with the testimonial presented to Dr. SIMMONS in recognition of his varied and valued services.



A BANQUET TO AN AMERICAN PHYSICIAN AT TOKIO, JAPAN.—FROM A DRAWING BY A NATIVE ARTIST.

"Then the Hofrath emerged from the balcony, and etiquette forbade a longer interview."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1313, Vol. XXVI.]

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY;

OR, FATED BY A JEST.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY."

XIII.

No dilemma could possibly have been more ungrateful to a proud fastidious man, like Dr. Edouard, than that in which he had found himself the night before. The open winning of Hildegarde's affections, the covert enjoyment of her society for so many weeks, the deception practiced on Frau Anna, had been matters that troubled his conscience little. Hildegarde was, in the spirit if not in the letter, an outcast of the ducal house, and free to choose for herself, whilst an after-explanation with Frau Anna and his family would easily excuse her visit and the disguise in which it was made. Hitherto nothing had occurred outside the range of his own responsibility. On himself must fall the blame of Hildegarde's conduct from the first, however much Hilda had ministered to their wishes. But now he saw himself caught within a fatal circle, entangled and enmeshed by a chain of circumstances over which he had no control, and for which he must be held accountable. He could not severely blame the unscrupulous yet warm-hearted girl who was the author of this imbroglio. If Hilda was bent, as he believed, on playing out the daring game to the last, at least it was as much in his interests and Hildegarde's as her own. Hilda could not more impatiently rebel against the humble rôle of Dame Anna's grandchild than Hildegarde against the more ambitious position to which she was recalled. Exchange here must be an immeasurable boon to both. On himself, his honest manly love for the sweet girl who adored him, his own future as it was bound up with hers, the young doctor would not now dwell. He was called upon to act without taking account of a single interested motive. The only way to disentangle matters was to be hard upon Hilda, hard upon Hildegarde, and hardest of all upon himself. Only by an immediate disclosure could Frau Anna and Grettel be freed from blame.

He must in the early morning set off for the Schloss, and there lay the whole affair before the Prince Waldemar of whom Hilda wrote. The business staring him in the face was altogether odious, but it was inevitable.

For the first time in his life the haughty, self-contained young doctor saw himself confronted by dishonor. Throughout a short but not uneventful career he had kept clear of any deed that could bring a blush to his face; his conduct had been fearless, not seldom high-handed, but ever irreproachable, and perhaps none of his contemporaries had gained so high a reputation, first as a man, and secondly as a man of science.

It could but wound him in the most sensitive part to contemplate the issues of to-morrow's revelation. He saw himself by anticipation found guilty of a breach of trust the most delicate that could have been intrusted to him; held up to scorn as the accomplice of a reckless girl, and the abettor, if not instigator, of an unpardonable trick. And his good mother and adoring sisters, what would they say? He could bear the wrath of his exalted patrons, but how should he encounter their looks of silent reproach? But no more of this! "The thing must be done," he said, "and the less of useless thinking the better." So he sat down and pencilled the following note to Hildegarde:

"I go at once to the Residency, but say nothing of what has happened as yet; meantime keep Grettel in your sight. You shall hear from me as soon as may be."

He then put together a few necessaries for his journey, and lay down to snatch what sleep he could. By cock-crowing he was once more on the alert. To refresh himself with a douche of cold water, to boil some coffee, was the work of a few minutes only. By five o'clock he was at the post-house, and a quarter of an hour later, perched on the top of the cumbersome old diligence, was toiling through the sweet pastoral landscape toward the Residency.

Serene aspects of nature can but soothe, especially when seen in the virginal freshness of early morning, and animated by the pathetic side of human life—the life that is bound up with the seasons, and draws its very sustenance from the fruits of the soil.

Dr. Edouard had set forth in a state of feeling that bordered on desperation, but in observing the crops and chatting with his neighbors on rustic matters he gradually recovered his usual tempered collectedness. And another train of thought had opened up much more cheerful vistas. This Prince Waldemar, who was he? Could he be the Prince Waldemar he knew? and if so, of what other man in the world had he equal right to demand a favor?

XIV.

"Oh, it is cruel!" thought Hilda, as she shut herself up in that exquisite little room peopled with joyous fantasies an hour before.

"Why did he not come at once, or stay away altogether?" she said, dropping into a low chair, ready to weep with dismay and mortification. Dr. Edouard's errand could mean only one thing, a merciless exposure, an unbearable *esclandre*, in which she must figure as prime mover. Her first and perhaps natural impulse was of ungenerous reproach, even mistrust. The haughty, overbearing young physician was well pleased to crush her high spirit. Sportively for the most part, yet at times in bitter earnest, they had often been at warfare; and it was he who was ever worsted. The opportunity had come. He could enjoy his revenge!

But hardly were the scalding tears dashed away from her burning cheeks when a truer and better feeling took possession of her. Dr. Edouard might have disliked, even detested, her, in former days, but he was long since her servitor and adherent. How much happiness did he not owe her? How much brother-like confidence had he not given? No; if indeed, as she must believe, Dr. Edouard was come to lay the matter before Prince Waldemar, at least he would culpate himself as well as others. He was hard-headed, but he possessed a rigid sense of justice. No woman should be made the scapegoat of his own indiscretions.

These more temperate reflections, however, far from mollified her toward her former adversary. He ought to have come at once, or if that were absolutely impossible, he should have sent a telegram. A word from him twenty-four hours ago would have prevented this misadventure. She could then have taken all necessary precautions. She could (here the incomparable Hilda smiled to herself in spite of her dire discomfiture)—she could have feigned toothache, and bandaged her face. She could have feigned headache, and kept her darkened room a day longer. There were dozens of ways by which the fictitious Hildegarde could have been kept in the background and properly disguised till the real one should assume her proper place.

But now there was no way of escape. That close feminine scrutiny of the Duchess, that long family dinner, that morning's confabulation with the prince, had identified her but too well. Form, features, voice, all must now be indelibly imprinted on the minds of at least these two. There existed certainly a remarkable likeness between herself and her *sœur de lait*, but—and here again Hilda smiled, and leaning back, contemplated her image in the mirror opposite—but how superficial must it appear to those who really knew them both! No; an odious, an outrageous dilemma was at hand, and on her head would the most disagreeable consequences fall.

Yet, as she thought this, thought of the blame and indignity to be heaped on her, thought of the brilliant prize about to elude her grasp forever, a purer and better regret filled her mind. The daring, reckless girl now for the first time in her life compassionated herself, or at least that tender, kinder part of herself only revealed to-day.

Where were her ambitions, her airy hopes, her far-reaching designs now? As she thought of her frank, manly lover, she only felt conscious of wanting to share his lot, and not because it was princely, but because she loved him. Her pranksome jest had landed her on unexpected shoals and quicksands, from which rescue seemed hopeless. In feeling thus pity for herself, she could but feel deeper pity for him. Those simple, honest utterances of a man's first love had touched her more than any amount of passion or sentiment could do. He wanted only her affection and kindness, and she had thus deceived him!

But Hilda possessed a spirit not to be crushed even by such misadventures as these. She would not redden her eyes with weeping. She would control herself, and proudly await the issue of events. What blame was justly hers she felt able to bear.

The recognition of the inevitable in human affairs often brings composure when all else fails; and if Hilda had been on the verge of breaking down, this thought would have stood her in good stead. "After all, I came to the Schloss because I could not do otherwise. Having gone so far, it was impossible to draw back." And, she reasoned, "the jest itself, as it emanated from my brain, was at least harmless enough, and I am not alone responsible for its after-consequences. Dr. Edouard and Hildegarde will take their share of blame. My grandmother and Grettel must be cleared at any cost." What she really shrank from was the thought of Waldemar's sorrow. Would he refuse ever to see her again? Would he forgive her? Would he cling to her? Yet what foolish dreaming was this! Of what good for the heir-presumptive of a proud duchy to cling to Hilda, the village maiden!

The moments dragged along heavily, and she could hardly wish them to go faster. She tried to occupy her mind with a book, with music, with embroidery; all failed. Pale from expectation and suspense, she again sat down by the window, incapable of doing anything. An hour or more passed thus. At last she heard voices outside—those of the Hofrath and Dr. Edouard. She started up, and by a great effort forced herself into an appearance of smiling calm.

In another moment a servant had announced them.

XV.

The Hofrath was the first to speak.

"I bring the Princess Hildegarde a visitor who requires no introduction," he said. "Dr. Edouard would not, naturally, quit the palace without paying respects to his former patient."

That little speech set Hilda's mind at rest, at least on one point. There was to be no disclosure now. For the present she could wear the mask. She glanced at Dr. Edouard, but nothing whatever was to be gathered from that unreadable physiognomy. Cool, stolid, and ceremonious, the young physician greeted her with the utmost formality. Hilda returned his salutations with equal aplomb. Then the trio sat down, and there ensued a little comedy, in which it would be hard to say whose part was best played, Dr. Edouard's or that of the pseudo-princess.

"My good friend the Hofrath" (here he smiled and glanced at their companion) "understands the nature of my errand, though into details it would be impolitic to enter even to him. We never mention names at court, do we, Hofrath? I have come to ask a favor at the hand of the prince. I hope I shall have the princess's suffrages?"

Hilda bowed and smiled.

"I knew," the young doctor went on, with matchless coolness, "at least I dared assure myself, of your good offices. You have always showed quite inappropriate gratitude for such small services as I have been able to render. I felt sure that the Princess Hildegarde would be my advocate."

"The princess is the advocate of all who have had the privilege of serving her," put in the Hofrath, officiously. "Ah, Dr. Edouard! it is an unspoiled woman's heart that we have here. No cold imitation, no semblance."

Dr. Edouard smiled with assenting politeness, and went on in the same tone: "I am bound to explain to the princess that in giving me her favors she runs no risk of discommending herself with others, or setting aside those having greater claims. It is not for place or promotion I have come to ask."

"That is an unnecessary disclaimer on the part of Dr. Edouard," again put in the Hofrath, laying a friendly hand on the young man's shoulder. "Ah, princess! you know not what a Timon, what a democrat, is your mild physician!"

"The Hofrath may call me worse names if he pleases," Dr. Edouard answered, with a smile and shrug of the shoulders. "I confess it; I am no courtier, no aristocrat, and though I have the warmest personal regard for Prince Waldemar, I have studiously avoided him for years, simply because he happened to be born a prince."

"Think of that!" cried the Hofrath, raising his hands with a gesture of astonishment. "The very reason that sends the rest of us to our knees makes Dr. Edouard sulk and run away. He might have worn a decoration long ago. He might have had a Von to put before his name. He might have been named court physician. For, do you know of this young man's exploits?"

Dr. Edouard checked the Hofrath's effusion with politely reined-in impatience.

"The truth is simply this," he said, "and I must not allow my good friend the Hofrath to exaggerate my merits as an ambulance doctor in the last war. I was accidentally enabled to render the prince some service."

"He saved the life of the present heir-presumptive to the duchy. Ay—that of many a gallant fellow besides; he performed marvels of courage and skill."

"I am not astonished to learn anything of Dr. Edouard," Hilda said, raising her eyes to the doctor with really wonderful self-command. He, however, perceived the touch of satire so finely veiled, and could not resist a retaliation.

"Of all persons in the world, the Princess Hildegarde" (here he bowed to Hilda) "has ever shown the greatest readiness to appreciate me beyond my deserts," he said, "for which, indeed, I shall ever be truly grateful." And again the pair bowed, the Hofrath looking on admiringly, without the faintest suspicion of the double comedy thus being acted under his eyes. "But," resumed Dr. Edouard, "I really can not stay to hear the Hofrath impose such fables on the princess; and having assured myself of her good offices, and" (here he looked at her with professional deliberateness) "also that she is in enjoyment of perfect health, I will take my leave."

"Ah," exclaimed the Hofrath, also perusing Hilda, but with self-evident admiration—"ah, doctor, who could have foretold that the fragile plant would have grown into the splendid flower we see? Your mountain air has metamorphosed the princess into a wholly different person."

"It has indeed," Hilda replied. "Might not one suppose, Herr Hofrath, that it was no Hildegarde, but some robust peasant maiden come here in her place?" And she thereupon laughed merrily.

"No, I will not go so far," answered the smooth-tongued old courtier. "If the mountain air has put roses in your cheeks, it has not taken away your high-bred look and speech. The Princess Hildegarde is changed, but remains herself nevertheless."

"True, true," said Dr. Edouard, with well-feigned impatience. He was indeed anxious to end this scene, his sense of humor threatening at last to get the upper hand. What exquisite enjoyment to throw off the mask, to declare the truth, to see the effect of it on the bewildered Hofrath! The temptation within him was almost irresistible. He rose to go. Nothing, however, of all this was to be read in his impassible features, and only one look of understanding did he venture to give Hilda at parting. That look she interpreted to the letter. It inspired no hope; still less did it awaken apprehension. It only inculcated caution.

At the last moment, however, just as Dr. Edouard was about to go, the Hofrath's ever alert attention happened to be diverted by carriage wheels just under the balcony. In a moment he had sprung to the bay-window, and was peering out to see who the visitors might be. Hilda seized the chance thus thrown in her way to put the question she had been longing to ask throughout the interview.

"Will the prince grant your request?"

That was all she dared to say, and his reply was no less brief and unsuggestive to possible eavesdroppers.

"He will reflect."

Then the Hofrath emerged from the balcony, and etiquette forbade a longer interview. Hilda found herself alone. On the whole, she could but congratulate herself on the turn affairs had taken. Her lover was about to reflect on the matter! How, indeed, should he do otherwise?

She could not any more resist a smile as she thought of the dilemma in which Prince Waldemar had suddenly found himself. Yet it did not seem to her unconventional, audacious mind that it was a dilemma to rebel against. Chance, or rather a happy jest, had thrown him in the way of the very woman he confessed was his ideal; nothing was needed but tact, courage, and self-reliance to secure her forever. If he should prove weak, vacillating, or a stickler by pride of birth and family tradition, then he were unlike the Waldemar she imagined she knew, and a lover little to her taste.

Hilda was as unromantic as it was possible for a maiden of nineteen to be. But she really liked this simple, dignified soldier; his frank homage pleased, even touched her. She could not believe, as she contemplated the future—and the looking-glass—that he would shrink from the nominal sacrifice love demanded now at his hands.

With the moral aspect of the question Hilda troubled herself mightily little. If she chose to change place with the princess, and the princess accepts her lot, where was the wrong? whose the blame? Both were orphans, both were brotherless, sisterless. The question, therefore, resolved itself into purely a personal one. Provided Prince Waldemar and Dr. Edouard were willing to enter into such a compact, there was absolutely no other living soul in the wide world to whom it was matter of concern. The transfer might be extraordinary—indeed, unique. What of that? Were out-of-the-way occurrences and freakish handlings of life more common, existence would be much more bearable, reasoned Hilda. People are such dire cowards, they are staggered at the bare notion of quitting the common groove. Waldemar and I, Dr. Edouard and Hildegarde, hazard a precedent of precedents; "and after all," she repeated, smiling to herself, "exchange is no robbery. We shall be only fated by a jest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE JAMES LICK OBSERVATORY.

James Lick was in his day one of the wealthiest men in California. A short while before his death—October 1, 1876—he bequeathed for public uses, by means of a deed of trust, nearly $3,000,000 of his vast estate. The principal of these bequests was that of $700,000 for the construction of an observatory to contain the largest telescope in the world. The site for the observatory—Mount Hamilton—was selected by Mr. Lick previous to his death, the supervisors of Santa Clara County, in which the mountain is situated, agreeing to construct a macadamized roadway to the summit.

Observatory Peak is the lowest of the three peaks crowning Mount Hamilton, being 4256 feet above the level of the sea, while the other two are respectively 4400 and 4350 feet. The distance from San Francisco to the Observatory is 76 miles. From San José, the nearest railroad station, it lies due east, and is, in an air-line, 13 miles distant; but owing to the circuitous route which had to be adopted in the construction of the macadamized road so as to keep within the limit of six feet in one hundred, the distance to be traversed to reach it from San José is 26 miles. The road, which is called Lick Avenue, is one of the best in the State, and cost Santa Clara County $73,075,81. It is now maintained as a county road. Professor S. W. Burnham has established the geographical position of Observatory Peak as follows: longitude, 120° 36′ 40″ W.; latitude, 37° 21′ 3″ N. Its fitness for the purposes to which it has been devoted is illustrated by the fact that there is no higher ground than the three peaks of Mount Hamilton within a radius of 100 miles. The atmosphere is so clear and steady that Professor Burnham during his stay on Observatory Peak was able several times to distinguish Lassen Butte, 175 miles distant, and every morning at sunrise the great range of the Sierra Nevada, 130 miles off, stood out sharp and distinct. Foggy or cloudy nights are rare. During a period of sixty days, between August 17 and October 16 inclusive, Professor Burnham experienced 47 first-class nights, 7 medium nights, and 11 cloudy and foggy, and he was enabled with a six-inch refractor to catalogue 42 new double stars.

The Lick Observatory will, when finished, consist of a large dome for the thirty-six-inch refracting telescope, for which the trustees have contracted with Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts; a smaller dome, containing a twelve-inch equatorial; a still smaller dome, furnished with a four-inch comet-seeker; a photoheliograph house; a six-inch meridian circle; and a transit house, containing a four-inch transit instrument. The dome for the twelve-inch equatorial was finished, and the telescope mounted, in time to observe the transit of Mercury, November 7, 1881. The walls of this structure are of brick made near the spot. The temporary roof with which it is now covered is of canvas stretched on an ordinary frame. The permanent covering will be made of thin iron sheeting, one side of which will be tinned, and the other nickle-plated. The transit house is constructed of corrugated galvanized iron, standing on a brick foundation. The dome for the thirty-six-inch equatorial telescope will have a diameter of about seventy feet. It will be constructed of brick, and will be joined to the twelve-inch equatorial dome by a one-story building, containing clock-room, workshops, library, offices, and observers' bedrooms. To prepare the summit of Observatory Peak for these buildings, it had to be cut down about twenty-nine feet, involving the removal of about forty thousand tons of rock. On a saddle connecting Observatory Peak with one of the other peaks of the mountain, fifty feet below the site of the observatory building, and well sheltered from the prevailing northwest winds, are the dwellings, offices, and workshops of those engaged on the work. Water is obtained from perennial springs existing three hundred feet below the summit.

The great telescope is not likely to occupy Lick Observatory for some years to come. The Lick trustees, consisting of Captain Richard S. Floyd, President, Ex-Assistant United States Treasurer William Sherman, Vice-President, E. B. Mastick, Charles M. Plum, and George Schonewald, contracted with Alvan Clark & Sons a little over a year ago for the manufacture of "an achromatic astronomical object-glass of thirty-six inches clear aperture," the same to be delivered by November 1, 1883. The contract price is $50,000, of which sum $12,000 was paid at the time the contract was signed. The contractors recently expressed their belief that they would be able to cast the lens earlier than the contract requires. But the trustees represent that it will take three years to mount it after it shall have been delivered by the Clarks. It will, consequently, be at least five years before Lick Observatory will be finished. It is, however, the only one of the many public institutions designed in the James Lick trust deed upon which the trustees have commenced operations. This has been in a great measure due to a depressed condition of real estate, in which the Lick estate is chiefly represented. When the observatory shall have been finished, it will be transferred, in accordance with the terms of the trust deed, to the Regents of the University of California, of which the observatory will thereafter form the astronomical department.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SECOND LOVE.

It was more than an hour before Miss Darrell rejoined her guest. She came in very quickly, and sitting down by her side, took out her knitting-needles, and worked away in silence, waiting to be spoken to, like any ghost.

"Had Herbert anything else to say about—about this sad business, Nannie?"

"Yes, my dear, a great deal. His heart is so tender and his feelings so delicate that he did not like to speak to you more fully, for a reason that you can guess."

"Is it anything about Percy?"

"Of course it is," returned Miss Darrell, snappishly. She was angry that Clare did not so much as assent to her eulogy on her young favorite's good taste. "Percy has been behaving most infamously. It is quite true that the firm has been overtrading, which seems to have been Sir Peter's fault, who was always for greed; but that was not the cause, or, at all events, the chief cause, of the failure. Percy has been pledging the credit of the firm upon his own account; he has lost thousands and thousands."

"Lost—how lost? How could he lose money, if it was Sir Peter's fault?"

"It was not in trade; it was on the turf. For years and years, it seems, he has been gambling on the race-course. He has been running horses of his own under false colors; his turf name, it seems, is Jennings. I always said he was a fibber. Oh, my darling, from what a fate have you escaped!"

"How *could* he—*could* he do so?" moaned the girl, taking no notice of this course of congratulations. "As if he had not money enough, and to spare!"

"Not *enough;* my dear, that's just where it is. No one has ever enough money in Stokeville. I grant they are very liberal with it—that is, some of them—but they are always wanting more. Their motto is, 'For cash only.'"

"True, and that should make us charitable, Nannie, to the failings of those who have been brought up among such surroundings."

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed the old lady; "that is, I mean the losing money in the way of business is very different from losing it on a race-horse. If your thirty thousand pounds' worth of railway debentures were to go wrong, that would be your misfortune, not your fault; but if you put the money on the favorite for the Derby, it would not be 'uncharitable,' I conclude, to call you a gambler."

"Of course not. Women, however, unless they are very great ladies indeed" (this she put in with a faint smile of deprecation), "are not exposed to that sort of temptation. We can not understand it, and therefore our condemnation should be less severe."

"Then the same thing must be true of drinking," observed the old lady. "When one meets a sot, one ought to say, instead of 'How shocking!' 'Well, after all, one does not know how nice it is to get intoxicated.'"

"I think there is a difference," pleaded Clare; "though I am far from defending Percy's conduct."

"Well, that only shows how people may be mistaken," observed Miss Darrell, implacably. "I really thought you were excusing it. To my mind his passing under an *alias* is not a creditable feature in the affair; but, as you suggest, one can not understand the temptation that besets some folks to pass under an *alias*."

"The man is down," said Clare, lifting up her head for the first time, and confronting her friend with great displeasure; "why trample on him? Such conduct is unworthy of you, Nannie."

"I do not trample on him, but I do not pity him; and I confess it makes me mad to see you waste your sympathy on so base an object. There is one infinitely more worthy of your sympathy—"

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Clare, earnestly. "Who has a greater claim upon my pity than this unhappy man?"

"The man he has wronged, Frank Farrer."

"What has Percy to do with Frank Farrer?"

Notwithstanding this inquiry, it was plain that Clare had guessed what had happened. Her face had turned deadly pale; her hand was pressed tightly against her heart, as though to still its forebodings; her voice had sunk almost to a whisper.

"He has carried off his bride from him; deceived him; fooled him. Percy is Mildred's husband."

Clare gave a little start, then turned her face away from her companion, and listened without speech or movement.

"When Mildred went up to town to buy her trousseau, and though the very day for her wedding with Mr. Farrer was actually fixed, she was privately married to Percy Fibbert. It is supposed they have been in love with one another for a long time; or rather, I should say," said Miss Darrell, hastily correcting herself, "that Mildred has always had a penchant for her cousin. I wish him joy of her!"

"I am afraid, indeed, she will make an indifferent wife for a poor man," observed Clare, speaking very slowly and distinctly, like one who essays a foreign and unfamiliar tongue.

"Oh, as to that, Mr. Fibbert has taken care that his nest is well feathered. Sir Peter settled a large sum of money on his daughter years ago, of which, no doubt, his nephew was aware. The old man is said to be more irate about this clandestine union than even about the loss of his money."

"Poor man! poor man!"

"Yes, one feels much more sorry for him than for Mr. Farrer, who indeed has had a most fortunate escape. It seems he was informed of the marriage by Mildred herself, but was prevailed on to keep it secret. He must be a very weak young man."

"Or else a very chivalrous one," put in Clare. "Perhaps he really loved her."

"That is possible, of course," said Miss Darrell. "One can be certain, however, that Percy didn't."

"Why?" inquired Clare, gently.

"Because Percy Fibbert is incapable of loving any human being except himself," was the uncompromising reply.

Clare answered only with a sigh. At the bottom of her woman's heart there had been, perhaps, a hope that her companion's reply would have been different. Love was dead within her, but she remembered the days when it had been alive, and surely not in her own bosom only. To hear that Percy had never loved her was what in a lesser nature would have been a wound to its *amour propre*. She fell into a reverie which Miss Darrell—upon whose shoulders Fluff had just established himself—was careful, on all accounts, not to disturb; the memories of her former passion thronged her thoughts from dawn till night. Like some pagan, "suckled in a creed outworn," and convinced of its falsehood, who revisits the sacred objects of his former worship, she gazed on the deserted temples, the shattered shrine, of her dead love, for the last time.

Presently there was a ring at the bell, which announced her cousin's return.

"If to see him—to see anybody, I mean—distresses you just now, darling," whispered Miss Darrell, tenderly, "I will make your excuses."

Clare shook her head. "It does not distress me; besides, Herbert would think it unkind if I were to run away."

"No; he would wish you to do what is best for yourself; that is the peculiarity of Herbert: he is always thinking of others. Did you not notice how Fluff took to him? That is an infallible sign."

"But he doesn't take to *me*," smiled Clare; "he has not once jumped upon my shoulder."

"That is because you wear a ruffle. I didn't like to mention it, but those nasty crimped collars tickle the poor darling.—Well, what news, Herbert?"

"I am sorry to say, bad news. The mill is stopped; the firm have suspended payment."

Clare, who looked full of thought, was apparently about to ask a question, but restrained herself.

"Come, Mr. Herbert," said Miss Darrell, sharply, "you have made us melancholy enough for one morning. Let us hear something of your own affairs."

"They are flourishing beyond my expectation, Miss Darrell."

"A modest man would say, 'beyond my deserts,'" remarked the old lady, with severity. She was annoyed, in reality, not with Herbert, but with Clare, for evincing no interest in the subject on hand.

The sharpness of her tone, however, seemed to arouse the girl from her meditations. She looked up with a smile, and said, "Nay, there is such a thing, Nannie, as mock-modesty. Herbert knows he deserves success in his profession, just as one man knows he has black hair and another gray. It is a matter of fact of which he makes no boast, but which it would be affectation to deny."

"Well, upon my word!" gasped the old lady. "I would not say such a thing of Fluff himself in his presence. Herbert will not be fit to speak to."

"That is just what they have been telling me at the works," said Herbert, laughing. "The company have decided to adopt my improvement in axles. I rather thought they would when they proposed a composition of the royalties. If other railway boards show the same discernment, I shall have good cause for congratulation indeed."

"Why, my dear Herbert, you must be growing as rich as Crœsus!" cried Miss Darrell, excitedly. "What will you do with all your money?"

"Roll in it," said Herbert, gravely; "that is the great pleasure, so far as I can understand, to be got out of surplus capital."

"And then there are your inventions," continued Miss Darrell. "I mean those outside your own particular calling."

"Those are my amusements," returned Herbert, quietly. "I do not look upon them as a source of profit."

"Then why patent them? Did you not say you were going to patent your new idea—what was it?—some charming novelty in pestilences?"

He smiled and shook his head.

"What do you mean, sir?" continued the old lady, with a world of significance in her twinkling eyes. "Do you change your mind every quarter of an hour? Or has somebody persuaded you that the proposition is wicked—some railway engineer with conscientious scruples? If so, he is a gentleman whose acquaintance I should like to make above all things."

"If any words of mine," put in Clare, in hesitating tones, and with a faint flush, "have caused you to alter your decision, Herbert, I hope you will consider them unsaid; I am not a fit adviser."

"There I differ from you, Clare," said Herbert, and so softly that Miss Darrell rose, and murmuring she had forgotten to provide Fluff's dinner (a far more unlikely omission than that she should have forgotten to provide her own) left the room with her furred favorite.

"Your opinion, with me at least," he continued, "has always weighed more than that of any other person."

"You have always thought much better of me than I deserved," she answered, with downcast eyes; "and have been patient with me, even when I was most obstinate and mistaken."

"I had no right to be otherwise than patient, Clare," he answered. "I have no right now, perhaps, to speak to you as I am about to speak. A word, however, dropped by yourself this morning emboldens me."

To what he was alluding she knew not; but she felt the color rushing to her cheeks. It could not but gratify her to know that what she had spoken and forgotten should have been thus treasured by another.

"We were speaking of secrets," he continued, "and you said that if the happiness of one individual was concerned in its revelation, the keeping of any secret would be an act of cruelty. You little knew how nearly you hit my case."

"How should I have known it, Herbert?"

"That seems so strange!" he continued, thoughtfully, "and for me so sad. For if, as it is said, true love should be reciprocal, my chance must be small indeed. Clare, I have loved you since I first remember you. There has not been a day, an hour, in which I would not have willingly laid down my life for your sake. It was a love, Heaven knows, without hope of reward."

"Dear Herbert, I have not your noble and unselfish nature," she answered, gently, "but, believe me, I too have loved you; no brother could have been dearer to me."

"No brother—no. That is the point. You never guessed that I loved you save as a brother might do. Yet your poor father knew it; and Miss Darrell knows it."

"What!" she cried, in an affrighted tone, "have you told Nannie?"

"Oh no, I told nobody: my secret was far too sacred. But they guessed it. I am as sure they did as that you did not. Do not think that I blame you for it. It was not your fault; it was my misfortune."

"I am so sorry!" murmured Clare.

"Yes; you pity me because you have so kind a heart. It is not the pity that is said to be akin to love."

If he could have looked into her eyes, so tender as well as pitiful, he might not have been so sure of that; but she kept her face averted from him.

"I know," he went on, with a certain earnest simplicity, "that I am not one for whom Nature has made a royal road to the hearts of women. You would feel for me if you knew the envy with which I regard those who are so favored; you would despise me if you knew the hatred with which I have regarded one of them. Do not fear, however, that I am going into that subject." (For she had raised her hand in deprecation.) "You told me once to keep silence upon it, and one 'No' from your lips is sufficient for me. That word will be sufficient presently to seal my lips forever when you have once spoken it. If I do not look, if I do not speak, as a lover ought to do, Clare, it is not, Heaven knows, because love is wanting. The pitcher may be full of good wine, but for that very reason it flows with difficulty. My very metaphors," he added, with a faint smile, "are as mechanical as my trade. It is hard indeed that eloquence should be denied to one who is pleading for his very life. Clare—Clare, can you never love me?"

"Never—that is, as you deserve to be loved," she added, softly.

Her first word had turned him into stone. Those that followed it repeated the miracle of Pygmalion, and gave the statue life and warmth. His eyes beamed with animation; his face, generally set and thoughtful, for all its frankness, glowed with pleasure, and he seized her hand and covered it with kisses, while his pulses throbbed with the fullness of spring.

"Herbert, Herbert, you mistake me," she murmured, and would have drawn her hand away, but that he held it close. "I have listened to you, and now you must hear *me*. All that you say of my ignorance and blindness is true. I have never thought of you as a lover. How could I think that you were asking for what I had already given away to another? I loved Percy Fibbert for years with all my heart and soul."

"I know it," he answered, quietly.

"You know it, yet you do not know what sort of a heart it must be to have devoted itself to a man like that. Some girls would say to you, perhaps, in my case, 'I can not give you my first love, but you are welcome to the dregs of it, if that will content you.'"

The young man nodded, as though he would have said, "Quite right; that will be quite sufficient."

"But then they have not made shipwreck of themselves—no other girl could have done it—as I have done. They did not lay their whole lives down, as though at an altar's foot, at the feet of a god of clay."

"It was a mistake, dear Clare, no doubt," he put in, softly, "but a very natural one. Though I worship *you*, you are but human."

"A mistake!" she repeated, with fierce self-scorn. "The mistake of a nature that takes tinsel for gold—a mistake that can never be remedied."

"My dear Clare, I have fallen into the like error myself," returned the young man, simply, "not once, but half a dozen times. To misplace one's trust, to find one's dearest hopes illusory, is the fate of an inventor. The machine looks perfect, works like oil, and one thinks that one has overcome every obstacle. Then, just at last, one finds a flaw in it—some little rift through which the air escapes, but which no human power can close hermetically. Then all is over with it. You talk of tinsel, but what dazzled you was something more than that, and for the possession of it, I, who possess it not, would just now give all I have. I do not blame you—far from it. I can guess what a man's smile can do with the woman who loves him, from what is done with me by a smile of yours. Dear Clare, I have little to offer you but my love."

"Hush! hush!" she put in, hastily: "in offering that you are offering far too much."

"There is a good crop of it, certainly," he answered, smiling. "It has been growing for years."

"You must give me time, dear Herbert, to think of this," she answered, presently. "I ask it for your own sake."

"To that I must answer, No, Clare."

"Then I must needs ask it for my own."

"So be it, darling; there is nothing I would not do for your sake."

There was a discreet knock at the door, and Miss Darrell entered.

"Dinner is ready, young people." Then looking significantly from one to the other, she added, somewhat inconsequentially, since it was not meant for grace, "Thank Heaven!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

ALMOST OUT OF THE BAG.

"Well, my dear, I have heard a great deal of the taciturnity of 'engaged young persons,'" observed Miss Darrell, when Herbert had left the house, after a somewhat hurried meal, to attend to certain duties at the works; "but one would really think you had given up all the privileges of your sex. If you mean to let Herbert have all the talking for the future, as you did to-day, you are a lost woman."

"But I am not an engaged young person, Nannie," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Oh, fie! fie! that is worthy of—" She was about to say "Fibber himself," but most fortunately substituted "Falstaff" just in time. "Do you suppose I am deaf and blind?"

"If I didn't speak, I don't quite see, Nannie, how your sense of hearing could have helped you much," replied Clare, gravely.

"Nay, my dear, but I heard *him*; and never did I hear a man run on so. Why, he was like a champagne bottle with the cork out, exuberant with life and spirit. A silent man, too, in a general way, though so full of sense. Am I to believe that a miracle of that kind has been worked without a divinity? Of course you have promised to marry him."

"Indeed, Nannie, I have done nothing of the kind."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you cruel creature! That is, I mean," added the old lady, her voice changing suddenly from indignation to tenderness, "if you don't promise to marry him, you will break his heart and mine too. Oh, Clare! Clare! how can you be so blind as not to see how he loves you? And how good and kind and generous he is, and how worthy of the best of wives? My dear, my darling"—and the little woman actually plumped down on her knees, with Fluff on her shoulders—"I entreat you for my sake to make him a happy man!"

"My dear Nannie," replied Clare, embracing her affectionately, "that is, above all things, what I wish to do. But he has asked what is not good for himself, and therefore I have declined to give it him. That he is good and kind and generous, and worthy of the best of wives, is the very reason why he should not possess the worst of them."

"The worst of them—meaning yourself?" put in Miss Darrell, contemptuously.

"Meaning myself," said Clare, gravely. "If I was not myself—that is, if I stood in the position of a stranger to you, instead of a spoiled child and favorite—you would see the matter in a just light. Supposing you were this man's mother, Nannie, and he had fallen in love with some girl who had known him for years, had lived under the same roof with him, had had every opportunity of estimating him at his true worth, and yet who had never dreamed of loving him—nay, who had set her heart on some one else, the very opposite of him; a man base and dishonorable, to whom, despite advice and warning, she had clung to the very last, even after his baseness had been proved—for that is the fact, Nannie—who had not succeeded in tearing him from her heart till he had wounded her self-love past all healing by marrying another—would you wish your son to marry a girl of *this* kind? Tell me *that*." She spoke with marvellous force and vigor, and a scorn of her own self that was most pitiful and painful to witness.

"I don't quite recognize the original of the portrait you have painted," returned the old lady, with quiet tenderness. "It seems to me to be too much in shadow. But I would certainly wish"—and here she placed her hands on each side of the girl's face, as though to form a frame for it—"my son to marry a girl of this kind."

"No, Nannie, no; not if he was your son."

"I love Herbert as though he were so, my darling, and next to your own dear self."

"That is the point, Nannie; your love for me disturbs your judgment as regards his welfare. You are thinking of what is best for me; I am thinking of what is best for him. A man so good and noble, so honest and pure, deserves a better wife than I can make him."

"My dear child," returned the old lady, earnestly, "you are still in that fool's paradise of first love, though one would really have thought you had had enough of it. Some girls seem to think that if the first man who takes their fancy proves a villain, all is over with them, and, moreover, that they themselves are to blame for it. Why should the state of matrimony be the one exception to that good old saying, 'Second thoughts are best'? You admit you have respect, regard, affection for Herbert Newton. Is it not more reasonable to expect that love should follow those all in good time than they should follow fancy? You have often told me that you loved Percy Fibbert from the first—surely a great misfortune, since otherwise you could not have been blind to the faults which others saw in him. And now, just because you did not love Herbert from the first, though you have always recognized his good qualities, you say you can never love him."

"I did not say that, Nannie," answered Clare, plaintively, "though I feel, indeed, as though I had no longer the capacity for love, but that my love at the best would be no match for his."

"My dear child, that is Herbert's lookout, not yours. If he is satisfied with it, surely that is sufficient. What else have you got for him, you ask me, in exchange for his devotion? Why, the very thing he wants—sympathy with his pursuits. You will share his troubles, and double his joys, and be in very truth his helpmate."

"Help him! What do I know? What can I do for him? How can I help him?"

"Well, I don't suppose that the idea of such assistance has ever entered into the dear fellow's mind; but you can undoubtedly help him, and that in a very material way. Outside his profession, to which he is devoted, he is always hitting on some new invention, such as he was talking of this very day."

"Yes; and *I* put a stop to it," murmured Clare, bitterly.

"True; that is a proof of the value he sets on your opinion. For other things you will have nothing but approbation, and your praise will be a spur to him. Those experiments of his, as he has told me, are often very expensive, and your money may be of the greatest service to him. What happiness must it be to a wife to be able to say to herself, 'I helped my husband to greatness when he was poor and unknown!' For though I have no doubt Herbert will be rich some day, he has nothing at present, you see, but his income."

"Nothing but his income! What has become of his ten thousand pounds?" exclaimed Clare.

If it had not been for her Persian cat, as Miss Darrell afterward observed, quite seriously, she would at this juncture have gone off in a fit. Until posed by Clare's question, she had utterly forgotten that the girl was ignorant of the manner in which Herbert had disposed of his property. Fortunately the cat was in her lap, and the old lady was able to hide her guilty face in its ample fur. "Oh dear! oh dear!" she murmured, in an agony of confusion, "I have let you out of the bag, my darling!"

"Nannie, Nannie, what do you mean?" persisted Clare. "Has Herbert ruined himself?"

"Yes, that's just it," replied Miss Darrell, in desperation; "it's a dead secret, and you must never breathe a word of it, or he will never forgive me. A man like Herbert, you see, hates to be reminded of his failures; but the fact is, the money is all gone."

"Good Heaven! What, in experiments?"

"Well, yes; in a philanthropic experiment—either that one he told us about or some other. Perhaps it was thrown into water, in that diving business—who knows? At all events, it's gone."

"Poor Herbert! Poor dear Herbert!"

"He bears his misfortunes, however, like a man, does he not? You would never guess he had lost his patrimony, to hear him talk as he did to-day, would you? But then, poor fellow, he certainly imagined he was about to be compensated for all his misfortunes."

Clare answered nothing, but sat with a flushed face and an eager look in her eyes, which her companion strove in vain to construe.

"I hope you don't think, Clare, that Herbert has behaved ill in not telling you how he was circumstanced!"

"Ill! Herbert behave ill! No, certainly not. Indeed, he told me, now I come to think of it, that he had nothing but his love to offer me."

"That is only what I should have expected of him; he is incapable of duplicity."

"Duplicity! I should think he never had so much as a secret from other people, unless it was something scientific that they couldn't understand."

"No doubt," assented the old lady, with a quiet twinkle in her kind eyes. "He never could keep such a thing as a secret from anybody. He told you one to-day, did he not? I saw him whispering to you in the passage as he went away."

Clare's delicate, clear-cut face was crimson.

"And yet it was all no use, was it, Fluff?" continued the old lady, soliloquizing. "She sent our young friend away with a gleam of hope."

"I said I must have six months to think about—about what he asked of me," faltered Clare. "In that time he may see his mistake, or—or somebody else."

"Just so; some young person with more money, for instance," put in the old lady, cheerfully. "By-the-bye, I do hope I have not prejudiced you against Herbert by revealing his pecuniary misfortunes. Although he has no capital, he has a pretty good income, which, with his royalties and so on, will, no doubt, be greatly increased. You mustn't think that, being poor, his offer was dictated by any wish—he is not in the least like an adventurer—to get hold of your money."

Clare jumped to her feet, with flashing eyes.

"Nannie, how dare you? Herbert an adventurer!"

"There, now, you have frightened the cat. You needn't put yourself in such a state about the young man. We didn't say he was an adventurer, did we, Fluff?"

Upon the whole, Miss Darrell felt that she had good cause to congratulate herself (though it is not a recommendation to be relied on with young ladies) that she had revealed to Clare that her lover was a poor man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNAKE-CHARMERS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

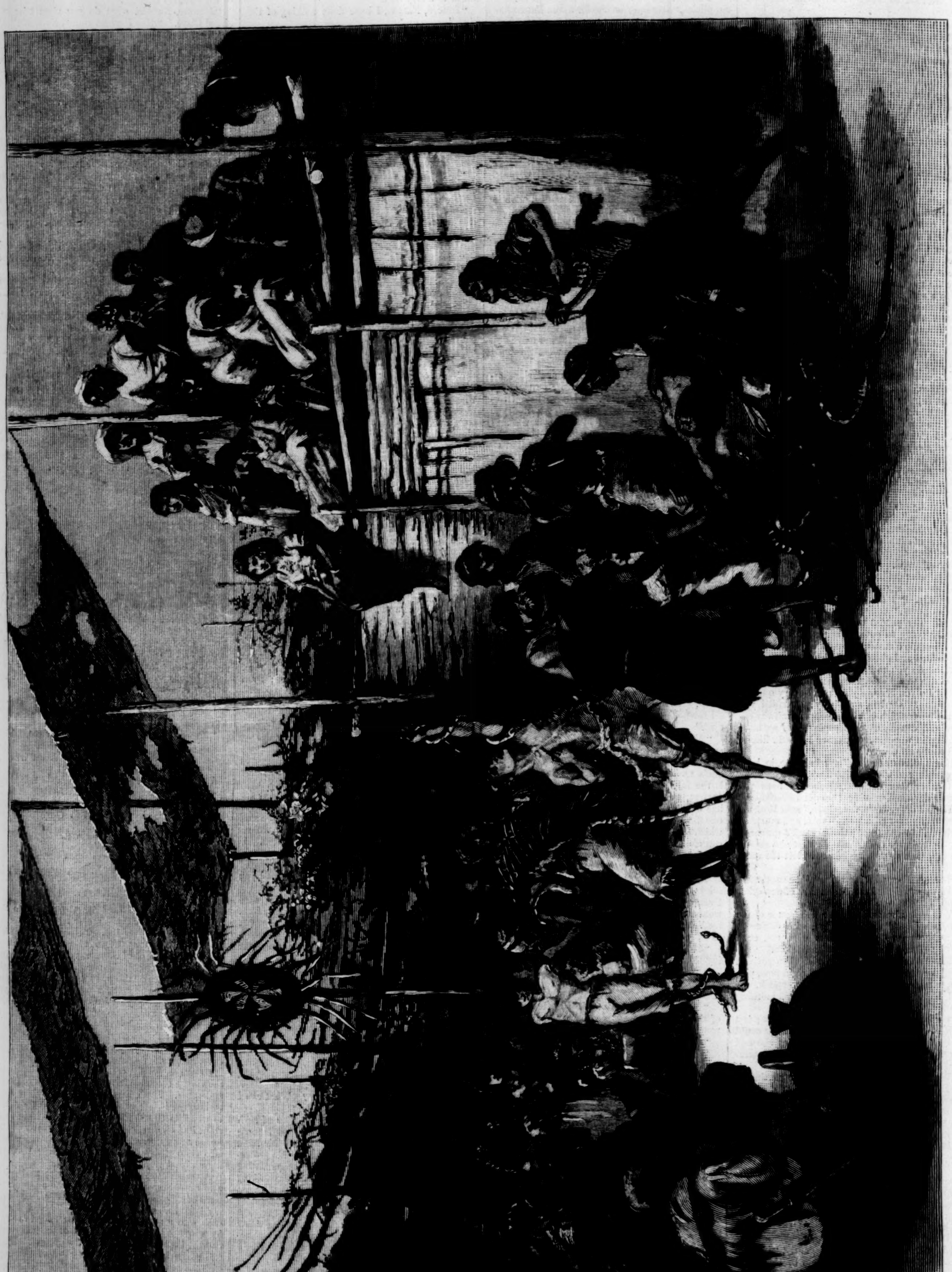
The Indians of Central America celebrate the 21st of March with the singular rites depicted in our engraving on page 184. Three or four months before the ceremony the younger men of the village begin the work of capturing snakes by means of ingeniously contrived snares. The more daring make choice of the most venemous and dangerous species, and tame them in various ways, using a rude reed pipe, a fan, and a strip of blanket for the purpose. The snake-tamers are often bitten by their strange pets in the course of the training, but their knowledge of efficacious antidotes almost always protects them from serious consequences.

On the day of the ceremony the inhabitants of the village assemble in an inclosure built of poles and reeds. The chiefs and other notables seat themselves before a kind of lodge, the entrance to which is closed with a curtain. Within is a stone idol on a rude altar, or perhaps the wooden image of a saint. There the snake-charmers are also concealed, stripped nearly nude, and awaiting a signal from the head chief.

After an interval of solemn silence he begins a low and monotonous chant, to the accompaniment of a drum and rattle. Gradually the assembly joins in, and then the charmers issue forth, each with a snake in his hand or coiled around his body. They make the round of the inclosure, and then take their places on the ground. Each one as he is called up begins his performances with the snake he has tamed and trained. Great mastery over the creatures is exhibited by these Indians, and the tricks are often astonishing.

After all in turn have presented themselves, the chant becomes more lively, and the charmers assemble in a cluster, and suddenly fling the snakes into a heap, where they lie wriggling and twisting themselves into knots. Then each charmer tries to pick out his own particular reptile. This is dangerous work, and they constantly partake of a certain liquid which is supposed to contain a powerful antidote to snake poison.

At the conclusion of the games the charmers retire into the lodge, and the audience rises. A priest sprinkles the ground with water, facing alternately the four cardinal points of the compass, and the ceremony is over.



SNAKE-CHARMING AND RELIGIOUS RITES AMONG THE INDIANS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 183.]

MILK AND ITS ADULTERATION—AN EARLY MORNING INSPECTION.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 186.]

ADRIFT.

The father, weary with labor and watching, slept;
And the mother half slept with the babe on her arm.
Then rang through the silent house a cry of alarm;
And there stood on the moon-lit floor a little child,
Trembling with some strange fear, calling in accents wild:
"Father, awake! awake! for Christ's dear sake!
See what Trouble is coming! Awake! awake!

"I have had such a fearful dream!" In the wan moonlight
She stood as a warning angel. He sprang to the door,
And listened with all his soul to the river's roar.
"Mother, fly for thy life! wrap the babe in thy breast;
Bessie, keep near to mother; I'll look to the rest.
To the boat! to the boat!" Then the chill midnight air
Was dinn'd with the roar of the Flood and shrieks of despair.

Half drowning, he clasps in his arms his two little lads,
And shouts like a drowning man: "Oh, neighbors, haste! haste!
The Flood! the Flood! There is not a moment to waste."
And the wild and warning clamor can scarcely rise
Ere under the raging river the village lies.
Scarcely he reaches the boat, then counts, in a trembling fear:
"Wife—baby—and Bessie—the boys. Thank God, all here!"

Adrift on the raging river, with drowning men and beasts,
In the cold and solemn midnight, at rising sun,
The great, strong-hearted man comforts each weeping one:
"Patience, my little lads; patience, Bessie and wife.
Let the Home go, we have saved each precious Life:
What care I for my labor lost, if you are here?"
But he turned with an aching heart to hide a tear.

These are the men that build the nation—strong and kind;
These are the men that carry Hope where'er they go,
Fighting the raging elements, the savage foe.
Now stretch out to them Love's pitiful strong right hand,
Helpfully, hopefully call to them, through all the land.
Are we not brothers all—brothers, if far or nigh,
Under one starry flag, under one starry sky?

Mary A. Barr.

A REAL SWEET STORY.

It was by far the worst quarrel they had ever had, and they had had many, for she had a temper, and he had a temper, and they were both of them impulsive young people with very little self-control.

"You are a false, selfish, untruthful, man-like man," said she.

"And you a suspicious, unreasonable, unwomanly woman," said he.

"Take back your letters," she cried, flinging a parcel tied with hyacinth-blue ribbon on the floor at his feet.

"I will," he muttered between his clenched teeth, picking up the parcel and throwing it into the fire, where it blazed brightly for a moment or two, and then flew away in thin uncanny black fragments up the chimney. As the last fragment disappeared, Rick turned again to Letty, with frowning brow, and asked, as he had asked before, "Do you still persist in accusing me of deceit and falsehood?"

"I do," she replied, "unless you show me the charm."

"I will *not* show it to you," he declared, with violent emphasis. "If my word be not sufficient, I refuse to give you farther proof. I wonder that you dare insult me by asking it. And I also wonder how you, believing me to be false and untruthful, can be willing to trust your future to me. And, to speak frankly, I begin to think we have made a great mistake in supposing that we could spend that future happily together, for I am fully convinced we are anything but

"'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'"

(These lines were quoted with most sarcastic inflection.) "And furthermore, I also begin to think that perhaps it would have been better if we had never made this mistake—if we had never met, in fact."

"Oh, indeed, sir!"—with great assumption of dignity. "Have you just arrived at that conclusion? I have long been sure of it. But there is nothing easier than to part. Your letters are already disposed of. To-morrow I will send back your ring and picture. And then, when I am free once more, I can try to please my mother (our acquaintance, as you are well aware, has never pleased her), and in pleasing her I may find I am doing a pleasant as well as a wise thing for myself."

"Are you referring to Brougham Brown?"

"I am referring to Brougham Brown."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Rick, seizing his hat, "this is *too* much. Letty, good-by forever!"

But Letty began humming an air from *Patience*, drumming an accompaniment on the window-pane, and vouchsafed no answer. Rick rushed from the room. The humming and drumming ceased instantly, and the whilom performer listened intently. Five minutes passed, and still the street door did not slam. "He is waiting for me to come out into the hall and beg his pardon, I suppose," she said, with a defiant grimace, "but I won't," and she turned again to the window as the door shut with a bang.

And then she flung herself on the lounge, kicked off her slippers, and cried like a summer shower. Rick gone, and gone "forever"!—Rick, whom she had loved so dearly, and who had loved her so dearly, for two long years. And why? Just because that silly, giggling Lena Varian, with her pale blue eyes and straw-colored hair, had chosen to tell fibs about him. And shaking the tears from her lashes, she began scolding herself as hard as she had scolded poor Rick. "The idea, Letty Lounsberry, of your believing that girl before him! What possessed you? He did flirt a little with her, that is true; but all men flirt a little with girls who persist in admiring them and flattering them. But he never gave her the little gold pig—*your* Christmas gift to him—never! How she got it I can't imagine, but he would have explained if you had given him a chance." And then the absent mother, gone to Aunt Emory's for a two days' visit, came in for a share of reproach. "If she had only let our engagement be known, instead of insisting upon our waiting until Rick was twenty-one, and I had not been obliged to carry my engagement ring in my back hair, the only place where it is safe from Baby's—Goodness gracious! Baby!" And Letty suddenly remembered that ever since Rick came in to make a morning call, knowing Mrs. Lounsberry was absent—poor fellow! he'd have staid away if he could have foreseen his reception—Baby had been sitting alone in the dining-room in the middle of the big dining-table, surrounded by all the pickle and marmalade jars and fruit cans and catsup bottles and jam pots out of the store-room. For it was the monthly house-cleaning day, and the store-room fell to Letty's share, the foreign help being gifted with too great a talent for smashing and breaking, to say nothing of an equally great talent for abstracting and devouring both sweets and sours. Letty sprang from the lounge, thrust her feet into her slippers, and hastened where duty had been calling her for some time. Baby sat, as good as gold, nursing a bottle of tomato sauce, snugly wrapped in a dish-towel, in the very spot where she had been when Rick's ring summoned her sister to the door. Only one small flask lay broken on the floor, filling the air with the subtle fragrance of garlic. "That won't be missed," said Letty. "Thank fortune, there is no worse mischief done." But the "thank" was scarcely uttered when her eyes fell upon the last jar of the famous peach marmalade, the secret of the making of which died with grandmamma, and which was being carefully kept for Aunt Emory's (Aunt Emory was an old maid worth thirty thousand dollars) birthday. There it stood directly in front of Baby, with more than half of its thick paper hat torn off, and a yawning cavity made in its precious contents by little scooping fingers.

"Oh, Baby, why couldn't you have taken any jar but that?" asked Letty, reproachfully and dramatically.

But Baby evidently had no excuse to offer for not doing so, for she kept on crooning to her bottle-doll, while her sister hastily fashioned another paper hat and tied it securely over what remained of the original covering.

Then said Baby, "Rick tiss I—nice Rick!"

Oh, that is what he was doing when she foolishly imagined he was waiting for her to come and implore his forgiveness—bidding good-by to Baby. She might have known it, for he had always loved Baby dearly.

"Yes, Baby; nice Rick, good Rick, dear Rick; but, for all that, the ring he gave me goes back to him to-morrow unless I hear from him tonight. How dare he wish that we had never met?"

But she did not hear from him that night, and the next day the little band of gold was released from its hiding-place in her thick brown hair, and a too faithful messenger placed it in Rick's hands as he left his place of business. But, ah! what a silent, sorrowful maiden wandered about the Lounsberry dwelling thereafter! what a listless, weary voice repeated the nursery rhymes that Baby demanded fifty times a day!

"No nice—no more," said Baby, missing the merry tones and the happy laugh.

But Mrs. Lounsberry was not at all displeased with the turn affairs had taken. Brougham Brown suited her much better as a prospective son-in-law than Richard Creighton. One was a wealthy young brewer, the other a poor clerk in a counting-house.

"Letty will soon get over it," she said to Letty's father, whose heart ached at the sight of his daughter's sad face. "A first-love disappointment is always hard to bear for a while. I thought I should have died when Stephen Ford married my cousin; but I didn't: I lived to marry you, and I have a seal-skin cloak, and Mrs. Ford hasn't even a jacket."

And so Brougham Brown, who was really a manly, generous, good-hearted fellow in spite of his beer and wealth, encouraged by the maternal head of the house, began devoting himself in the most ardent fashion to Letty; and she, seeing her mother's pleasure thereat, and hearing no word from Rick, received his attentions in a passive, unresponsive way.

Three months went by, and it was Aunt Emory's birthday, and that eccentric old lady had decided to divide it among the family, lunching with one portion, dining with another, and supping with a third. The lunch party was given at her sister Letitia's (Mrs. Lounsberry), and some half a dozen old friends and some dozen relatives were bidden to the feast. Letty, in a sea-green gown (Rick's favorite gown), with a spray of pink hyacinths (Rick's favorite spring flower) in her hair, went quietly about welcoming the guests, Brougham Brown following her like her shadow, until lunch was announced. Then taking her place at the table, the young man still near her, she raised the cover from and dipped a spoon into the last jar of grandmamma's famous peach marmalade (she had had it placed before her, trusting to be able to hide the mischief Baby had done), when somebody said, addressing her mother: "Have you heard that Richard Creighton is going abroad for his health? He has given up his situation, and sails in a day or two. They say he has failed fast lately."

And the very next moment Aunt Emory fixed her spectacled eyes upon her niece's poor pale face, and asked, sharply: "What's the matter, child? Do you see anything dreadful in the sweets?"

"No, ma'am," answered Letty, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, when the spoon struck something harder than preserved peaches should be.

"Let me help you," said Brougham; and with one turn of his wrist he placed upon the dainty china shell before her—a wad of paper.

"And so that is the last of the celebrated marmalade, is it?" said Aunt Emory. "I don't want any. I prefer my sweets unmixed with unknown foreign substances. Take it away, Norah."

But Letty was already slowly unrolling the paper (it proved to be the missing part of the jar's original hat)—a rather difficult thing to accomplish, as it stuck persistently to her small fingers, but accomplished at last, when out rolled the little gold pig. And on the inside of the paper was scrawled, in Rick's bold hand, these words:

"My Darling,—How foolish we are—I mean, I am! Here is the charm. Miss Varian had it about ten minutes last night—only long enough to show it to you and tell you a story about it. Baby will give it to you. Had no paper, so I tore a piece off one of your jam pots. Will see you to-morrow evening. Rick."

Never did any young lady so suddenly break through all the conventionalities of society, never did daughter so quickly forget the wishes of her mother, never did niece so unflinchingly brave the displeasure of a thirty-thousand-dollar aunt, as did Letty Lounsberry the instant after she had read this note.

"Brougham," she cried, looking at him with beautiful, beseeching eyes, "I must see Rick. I *must*—I *must*. You will go and bring him to me, dear?"

(It was the first time she had ever called him "dear," and, alas! he felt that it would be the last.) For a moment he pulled his long mustache nervously. "We are not very good friends, you know," at last he said.

"Yes, I know. But I am to blame for that too," said Letty, hurriedly. "Forgive me, Brougham, but I *must* see Rick."

And the good fellow, hesitating no longer, turned from that imploring face, and, with a tugging at his heart-strings, went off to seek his rival. He found him, and brought him back to the girl they both loved.

And what do you think Aunt Emory did?—Aunt Emory, who had declared over and over again that only as Mrs. Brougham Brown, Letty should inherit any of her money. "Left the house in a passion?" Not a bit of it. She laughed and laughed until she could laugh no longer.

"Now I shall have something new to tell folks," she said. "They must be tired and sick of my old yarns. I'm sure I am. Love, gold pigs, jealousy, and marmalade all mixed up together. It's one of the funniest things I ever heard in all my life."

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs. Lounsberry. "It don't strike me that way. What are they going to live on?"

"Oh, I'll look after them," said Aunt Emory; and her remark makes a very good ending to this real sweet story. Margaret Eytinge.

MILK AND ITS ADULTERATION.

When we reflect that milk is the first extraneous food taken by a human being, and that it continues to be an essential element of food during life, we can easily appreciate that the adulteration or deterioration of such an article is a sin against sanitary law of great gravity. More than thirty years ago we had in New York city a victorious crusade against what was known as "swill milk," or that given by cows kept in close and foul stables, and fed chiefly on the slops or "swill" of distilleries and breweries. The cows, seldom seeing the sunlight, and never tasting grass or hay, soon became diseased, were covered with ulcers, and doomed to early death. As long as they could stand or be held up they were milked, and when utterly worn out, their carcasses were sent to the offal rendering establishment at Barren Island. Their milk was worse than poor; it was infected with pus and various disease-producing matters, and swept children away like a pestilence.

The medical profession made a stir about it, and in time the outrage was brought to an end. Out of this movement grew the city's present Board of Health. Historians tell us that every considerable Greek and Roman city had a board of health, but New York got its first board as late as 1866. Then was set apart for sanitary and police purposes the Metropolitan District, embracing New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and some portions of Queens and Westchester counties. So far as the public health was affected, not much was gained. The Police Commissioners and other laymen were able to outvote the few physicians and scientists in the board, and partisan rather than sanitary success was sought. But in 1873 there came a reformation; the laymen were cast out, and the board was composed of physicians, chemists, and others who were qualified for the performance of its duties. At the present time there are about one hundred and fifty persons in the employ of the board, whose duties reach to all things that affect or are likely to affect the health of the people.

Just now, however, we have to deal with a single branch of such duties—milk, and the prevention or punishment of its adulteration or deterioration. The board have supervision of all things sold for food, and almost all things have been abused by unscrupulous traders, as may be illustrated by the anecdote of the worthy deacon in a country village, who on a Monday morning saw his man coming from the store to breakfast.

"John," said the deacon, "have you sanded the sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you put the chalk in the milk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you watered the rum?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, come in; it is time for prayers."

The sanitary code prescribes that "no milk which has been watered, adulterated, reduced, or changed in any respect by the addition of water or other substance, or by the removal of cream, shall be brought into, held, kept, or offered for sale at any place in, the city of New York; nor shall any one keep, have, or offer for sale any such milk." The easiest and commonest adulteration is by the addition of water. The farmer who brings his can of milk to the railroad puts in a little water; the attendant who puts it aboard the cars takes out his share, and puts in water; the freightman on the train does the same; the agent at the landing-place has his hand in it; the wholesale dealer puts in a good share; the groceryman knows the value of Croton; and so—at least before rigorous inspection began—by the time the alleged milk got into the coffee of the city consumer it was about half water. Such adulteration is commonly considered harmless to the person, whatever it may be to the pocket. But that is not so. The water may come from foul streams, or from wells infected with sewage, and thus spread disease. Even if it be pure, too much water in the stomach of a young child is apt to induce diarrhœa.

Dealers know that every considerable addition of water may be detected by the thin and bluish appearance of the fluid and the watery taste, so they disguise the fraud by various devices. Sugar or molasses raises the sweet taste to the proper degree; a bit of salt gives the "tang" or sharp sensation; these, with perhaps a little annotto, bring up the color; if very thin, a bit of starch will thicken it up; and if too light, chalk will increase the weight. English authorities speak of the use of turmeric to increase color, and of white carrots and sheep's brains to regulate thickness. Another and very common form of adulteration is the removal of the cream, the nutritive portion of milk.

But how are the people to detect these tricks of the trade? As a general answer, it may be said they can not. The commonest test is by the lactometer. This instrument costs about one dollar; but it proves nothing for certainty. It shows merely specific gravity, and the gravity of milk is variable, ranging from 1.029 to 1.035 on the scales (water being 1.000). To test by the lactometer, the milk should be at the temperature of 60° Fahrenheit. Have the narrow glass two-thirds full of milk shaken together and settled, so there will be no foam on the top. Then slowly lower the scale or bulb into the fluid until it stops or floats. If the instrument marks below zero (or 100, which is graded to 1.029 specific gravity), it is below that of any genuine milk.

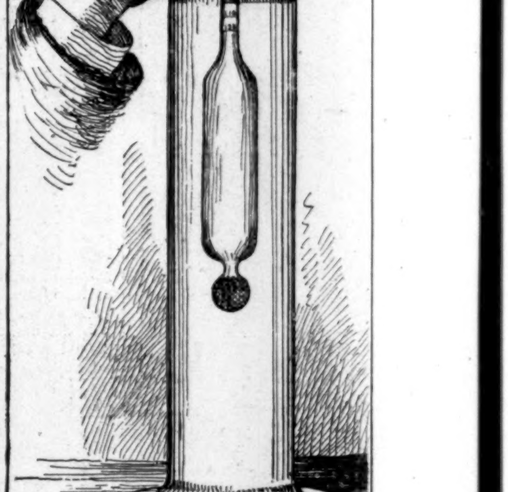


Fig. 1.—THE LACTOMETER.

The careful observer will next note the consistence of the fluid to determine whether it is a sample of thin watered milk or of thick cream. The black ground of the shot in the bulb enables the examiner, as the milk runs off, to judge of its consistence. Color, odor, and taste are then noted. Low specific gravity, together with abnormal watery consistence, and a watery taste, show adulteration by water. Yet if the specific gravity should be above the zero mark, it does not follow that the specimen is unadulterated. Skimming,

for instance, increases the specific gravity; but then most people would suspect skimming from the greater gravity and the watery appearance.

More exact and trustworthy examination can be made with the microscope, and still more exact by chemical analysis; but these are beyond the reach of the people at large. Rich milk under the microscope presents what the reader will see in Fig. 2. It was taken of a mixture of milk and cream at 60° F., the lactometer marking 71, and the substance having 68 per cent. of cream.

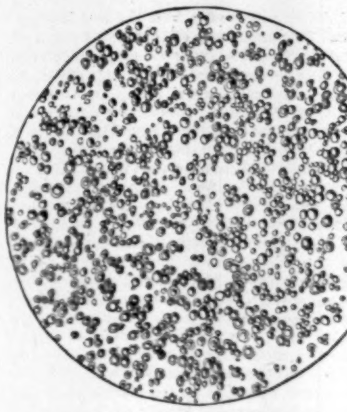


Fig. 2.—RICH MILK.

Good milk is defined to be a white homogeneous fluid, of sweetish taste, not becoming viscid on the addition of ammonia. It should furnish a mean of total solids of 13.17 per cent., and at the least of 9.44 of solids not fat. It should also yield an average of about 11.50 per cent. of cream. Examined under the microscope, milk is found to contain myriads of beautifully formed globules of fatty matter of varying sizes, and strongly reflecting the light, which globules are readily soluble in caustic potash. If the milk exhibits any want of complete homogeneousness, or imperfect liquidity; if it is viscid, or becomes so on the addition of ammonia; if blood, pus, or colostrum corpuscles are present, it is not healthy milk of good quality; and if the fat globules are comparatively few and of small size, the milk is poor.

Fig. 3 shows the fat globules in a specimen of tolerably good milk. The fat globules are not nearly so numerous as in the richer specimen of cream and milk.

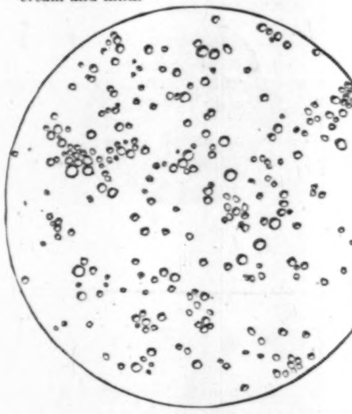


Fig. 3.—FAIR MILK.

Just in proportion as the fat globules disappear does the nutritive quality of the milk decrease. We have seen the milk and cream illustration crowded with globules, fairly good milk with not nearly so many, and now, going down the scale of richness, we show a picture of skimmed milk, thin and poor, in which the lactometer will sink very deep. In this specimen there may be about one and a half per cent. of cream, and the fat globules are like angels' visits, few and far between.

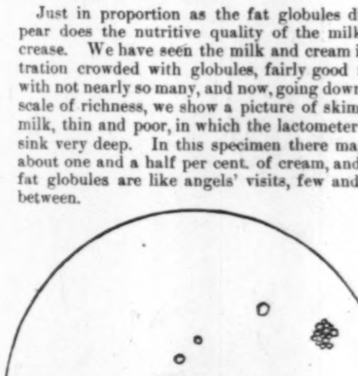


Fig. 4.—SKIMMED MILK.

In the prosecution of adulterators of milk, some queer defenses are made. One man who had used too much water explained it by saying that the cover was accidentally left off, and "there was a right smart shower" all the morning. The prosecution showed by inflexible calculation that no rain ever heard of since the deluge could have got more than a pint of water into the can in half a day, while the test showed that six quarts had been added. Now and then rare objects are found in milk. We all know the frightful creatures found in impure water by the microscope, and are glad to know they are not found in milk. But, to cool milk, farmers are wont to set the cans in streams or springs, and if they are not covered, vagrant mice, bats, grasshoppers, kittens, and such cattle get in and are drowned. In Fig. 5 we give a view of a fellow who did not drown, but when the inspector opened the can he was swimming around like a cast-away sailor in search of land. He is now reposing in a bottle of alcohol in the laboratory.

FROG FOUND IN A MILK-CAN.

The New York Board of Health has extended the inspection of milkmen to the dairies and farms of the country. The supply for the city comes mainly over the Harlem, Hudson River, and Erie railroads, and the officers of the board are on hand every morning long before daylight waiting for the milk trains. The engraving on page 185 gives an idea of the scene at the landing of the Erie Railroad boats in this city. The inspectors and sanitary police then make such examination as they can. If absolutely bad milk is found, it goes into the street. If the quality is strongly suspected, it is watched and subjected to further tests.

But the work of inspection does not stop here. The officers of the board are on the watch at steamboat landings, at the bridges over Harlem River where the wagons come in from the country—wherever milk is likely to be brought into the city. They follow the cans from the wholesale to the retail dealer, and may at any moment catch the unsuspecting groceryman in the illegal increase of his profits from the addition of water. Although the work is extensive and continuous, it far more than pays expenses, to say nothing of the preservation of health. Out of $12,458 in penalties collected last year for all violations of the sanitary code, $11,657 came from fines for having or selling bad milk, and there were a number of offenders imprisoned but not fined.

Articles of food have been manufactured in which were little or nothing at all of the real material. Arrowroot is made of sago, potatoes, and starch; brandy, of alcohol and burned sugar; lard, from potato flour, lime, and soda; sugar, from wheat flour, potato flour, and tapioca starch; oleomargarine—but that fails to pass for butter. We only know of one instance of the kind in respect to milk. During the siege of Paris by the Germans there was great dearth of food; nearly all animals fit to eat had been killed, and infants were in extreme distress for milk. Then science stepped in, and created a fair substitute for milk out of olive oil, albumen of eggs, sugar, salt, and bicarbonate of soda. Doubtless many a denizen of the gay capital owes his or her life to this singular article of diet.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The exhibitions of the different art associations are looked to this year with peculiar interest. So far they have shown a remarkable impulse in the art growth of the country, the work displayed, both in quantity and quality, far surpassing anything that had preceded it. The Black and White, the Water-color, and the Etching Club exhibitions fully justified this belief, and it seems to be generally conceded that the collections of the National Academy and the Society of American Artists will even further confirm it.

The National Academy walls could not accommodate over one-third of the canvases contributed, and it is thought that Mr. Morris's galleries will not afford space to a larger proportion of the Society pictures.

It is apparent that the body of artists interested yearly in the Academy exhibition has now acquired dimensions wholly disproportionate to the size of that building. The exhibitions hereafter can not be properly given within it, and something will have to be done without delay looking to its enlargement, or to the erection of a new and more commodious structure. The present exhibition may be managed there well enough, and it may be easily understood that the thousand or so of rejected pictures had no merit, and would not have been hung even had there been room for them; but it is evident to all persons who have watched the growth of our exhibitions that unless more room is provided, our general art-interests must suffer.

The growth of our art schools, the great body of students now crowding into New York, and the personal interests of the Academy itself all indicate the need of a new building. The sooner this necessity is fully understood, and the sooner the matter is taken up, the better. There is plenty of public spirit in the community to sustain the enterprise, and it will not be found a matter of serious difficulty to carry it to a successful completion.

Charles M. Kurtz publishes again this year a volume of *Illustrated Art Notes* upon the Academy Exhibition. The illustrations are photo-engraved reproductions from sketches of the paintings drawn for Mr. Kurtz by the artists themselves, and the book contains considerably more than a hundred of them. From among these illustrations are selected those which appear on page 189. A new feature of Mr. Kurtz's book this year consists in the giving of brief biographical sketches of all the artists whose pictures have been reproduced.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

The nomination and prompt confirmation of Mr. John Russell Young as United States Minister to China is a compliment to one of the most brilliant of American journalists, and has promptly evoked the commendation of the press of the country irrespective of party. Mr. Young may be said to have been almost born in the composing-room, nourished on quoins, and rocked to slumber in chases. While a lad at school he edited a small school paper, and at sixteen was apprenticed to the printing business in Philadelphia. At twenty-one he was sent by Colonel Forney to Washington as a correspondent. In the year following he was recalled to Philadelphia and made managing editor of *The Press*, remaining in that position until 1865, when he devoted himself to the writing of articles advocating the national loan, and at the same time contributing articles on general subjects to the New York *Tribune*. In 1866 he became one of the editorial staff of that paper, and soon afterward its managing editor. After some three years' service in that capacity he embarked in other newspaper enterprises, and finally joined the *Herald* staff, with which he has since remained connected, occupying responsible positions upon it in this country and in Europe. After the expiration of General Grant's term of office, Mr. Young accompanied him on his tour around the world, writing notably interesting letters of the various places visited and scenes witnessed during that remarkable trip, and finally giving the whole to the public in two large volumes published by the American News Company, which had a very large sale, and elicited very favorable criticism at home and abroad. Mr. Young's appointment is one eminently fit to be made.

BETWEEN THE LEAVES.

I took a volume, old and worn,
 From off the library shelf one day;
The covers were defaced and torn,
 And many a leaf had gone astray.
I turned the pages slowly o'er
 In search of some forgotten truth,
Familiar in the days of yore
 As were the school-books of my youth.

The mildewed leaves, the faded print,
 Seemed quite inanimate and cold,
As if they ne'er had been the mint
 From which I garnered precious gold.
So dull and colorless the page,
 I turned and turned, in hopes to find
Something that would restore to age
 The freshness of the youthful mind.

As well, indeed, might I essay
 Hope's early visions to renew,
Or give unto a dead bouquet
 Its former fragrance and its dew.
I closed the volume with a sigh,
 As if it were joy's entrance door—
A bit of color caught my eye
 Just as it fluttered to the floor.

'Twas but a maple leaf, all blotched
 With gold and crimson, green and brown,
The edges delicately notched,
 And perfect still from stem to crown;
And when I took it in my hand,
 This little leaf from maple-tree,
As if it were a magic wand,
 Brought back a vanished youth to me.

I lived again those joyful days,
 The old, familiar songs I sung,
And walked again, with sweet delays,
 The paths I loved when I was young.
E'en as the hues upon the leaf,
 Each scene appeared so freshly bright
That all remembrances of grief
 Were lost, and faded out of sight.

Josephine Pollard.

ATLANTIS.

The fable of Atlantis, a vast continent where thousands of years ago a race of civilized men lived and labored, and were lords of the earth, until a great convulsion of nature overwhelmed them, with their temples and their riches, and their arts and sciences, burying them forever beneath the ocean, has yielded poetic material to authors of all ages. It is only recently that the investigations of modern science have revealed the fact that in all probability such a continent did exist in the tropical Atlantic Ocean, and that the ancient tales related by Plato and other authors had a real foundation. If farther investigation should prove beyond a doubt that the continent of Atlantis really did exist in the early period of the earth's history, many archæological problems would be solved, and speculation over the remarkable similarity of Egyptian and American antiquities set at rest forever.

In a volume entitled *Atlantis: the Antediluvian World*, recently published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly has collected with praiseworthy industry many extracts from ancient authors referring to the story of Atlantis, and records of modern investigations which throw light upon the subject. Mr. Donnelly is a firm believer in the antediluvian existence of Atlantis, and brings to the support of his belief a series of ingenious and skillfully contrived arguments. He attempts to demonstrate the proposition that there once existed in the Atlantic Ocean a continent known to the ancient world as Atlantis, which was the home of a populous and mighty nation, from whose overflowings both America and Europe were inhabited and civilized. Egypt he supposes to have been the first colony founded by the Atlanteans, and the Phœnician alphabet, parent of all the European alphabets, to have been derived from an Atlantis alphabet, which was also conveyed from Atlantis to the Mayas of Central America. When Atlantis perished, a few persons escaped in ships and on rafts, carrying to the nations east and west the tidings which have survived in the flood and deluge legends of the different peoples of both continents.

Plato gives a remarkable account of Atlantis in his "Dialogues," which, although generally accepted as romance, may possess a larger element of truth than Plato himself supposed. His narrative certainly contains many statements which coincide in a most remarkable manner with discoveries of more modern times, which would make it appear that the legend, which had existed thousands of years before Plato wrote, had its origin in fact.

In Plato's narrative there are no marvels, no myths, no tales of gods, gorgons, hobgoblins, or giants. It is a plain and reasonable history of a people who built temples, ships, and canals; who lived by agriculture and commerce; who in pursuit of trade reached out to all the countries around them.

Neither is there any evidence on the face of this history that Plato sought to convey in it a moral or political lesson in the guise of a fable, as did Bacon in the *New Atlantis*, and More in the *Kingdom of Nowhere*. There is no ideal republic delineated here. It is a straightforward, reasonable history of a people ruled over by their kings, living and progressing as other nations have lived and progressed since their day.

Plato tells his history as derived from Egyptian sources, and among the Egyptians was the record of such an important event as the sudden submergence of a great continent most likely to be preserved, as their existence is of vast antiquity, and from their geographical position they were the people most likely to be in constant commercial intercourse with Atlantis, even if the supposition that Egypt was originally a colony of the Atlantic continent be not true.

It was for a long time thought to be impossible that so large a part of the earth's surface as was represented by Atlantis could be suddenly ingulfed in the sea, but the revelations made by the study of geology prove that such vast convulsions of nature have taken place, throwing up as well as sinking large areas of land.

There is ample geological evidence that at one time the entire area of Great Britain was *submerged to the depth of at least seventeen hundred feet*. Over the face of the submerged land was strewn thick beds of sand, gravel, and clay, termed by geologists "the Northern Drift." The British Islands rose again from the sea, bearing these water deposits on their bosom. What is now Sicily once lay deep beneath the sea: it subsequently rose 3000 feet above the sea-level. The Desert of Sahara was once under water, and its now burning sands are a deposit of the sea.

Geologically speaking, the submergence of Atlantis, within the historical period, was simply the last of a number of vast changes, by which the continent which once occupied the greater part of the Atlantic had gradually sunk under the ocean, while the new lands were rising on both sides of it. The suddenness with which this great event is supposed to have taken place is not more wonderful than the volcanic disturbances of more recent periods, when islands have been thrust hundreds of feet above the sea only to disappear in a few months, and large tracts of country many hundreds of miles in circumference have been rent in pieces by earthquakes. It was at Lisbon, the point on the European coast nearest to the supposed site of Atlantis, that the most tremendous earthquake of modern times occurred. On the 1st of November, 1775, a sound of thunder was heard under-ground, and immediately afterward a violent shock threw down the greater part of the city. *In six minutes sixty thousand persons perished.* A great concourse of people had collected for safety upon a new quay, built entirely of marble; but suddenly it sank down with all the people on it, and not one of the dead bodies ever floated to the surface. The water where the quay went down is now six hundred feet deep. The area covered by this earthquake was very great. Humboldt says that a portion of the earth's surface *four times as great as the size of Europe* was simultaneously shaken. It extended from the Baltic to the West Indies, and from Canada to Algiers. At eight leagues from Morocco the ground opened and swallowed a village of ten thousand inhabitants, and closed again over them.

It is very probable that the centre of the convulsion was in the bed of the Atlantic, at or near the buried island of Atlantis, and that it was a successor of the great earth-throe which, thousands of years before, had brought destruction upon that land.

The deep-sea soundings made within a few

THE STARTING-POINT OF THE AZTECS, ACCORDING TO THE GAMELLI CAREEI PICTURED MANUSCRIPT.

years by different scientific expeditions have done much toward proving the existence of such a continent as Atlantis. Accurate charts have been made of the bottom of the Atlantic ocean, which show the existence of a great elevation, reaching from a point on the coast of the British Islands southwestwardly to the coast of South America, at Cape Orange, thence southeastwardly to the coast of Africa, and thence southwardly to Tristan d'Acunha. This elevation rises about nine thousand feet above the great Atlantic depths around it, and in the Azores, St. Paul's Rocks, Ascension, and Tristan d'Acunha it reaches the surface of the ocean. That this submarine elevation with its branching ridges was once dry land is evident from the mountains and valleys of its surface, which are not in accordance with any laws for the deposition of sediment, but must have been produced by agencies acting above the water-level.

The Azores, which are apparently some of the loftiest peaks of the mountain range of Atlantis, have been even in modern times the centre of great volcanic activity. They have suffered severely from eruptions and earthquakes. In 1808, a volcano rose suddenly in San Jorge to the height of thirty-five hundred feet, and burned for six days, desolating the entire island. In 1811, a volcano rose from the sea near San Miguel, creating an island three hundred feet high, which was named Sambrina, but which soon sank down and disappeared in the depths of the ocean. Other volcanic eruptions have also occurred among these islands at different periods.

The officers of H. M. ship *Challenger* found the entire ridge of Atlantis covered with volcanic deposits, and a member of the *Challenger* staff, in a lecture delivered in London soon after the termination of the expedition, gave it as his opinion that the great submarine plateau is the remains of "the lost Atlantis." That its restless internal fires are not yet quenched is evident, for the Canary Islands, which, as well as the Azores, were probably a part of the original empire of Atlantis, have frequently suffered from terrible earthquakes, and sudden, disastrous outbursts of lava streams; and at no very remote period a series of volcanic phenomena, such as floating scoria, columns of smoke, and submarine disturbance of water, has been observed in the middle of the Atlantic between longitudes 20° and 22° W., about half a degree south of the equator.

The proofs of the existence of Atlantis afforded by the animal and vegetable remains of Europe and America are fully as conclusive as the testimony of the sea. The remains found in the post-glacial deposits of Europe are identical in many cases with those found in beds of the same age in the New World, which fact points at a land intercourse between the two continents, and renders probable the theory that at an early age connecting ridges extended from America to Europe and Africa. It is supposed that the land-locked ocean which at that time washed the shores of Northern Europe was intensely cold, and the result was the Glacial Period. These ridges undoubtedly sank previous to the destruction of Atlantis, the central continent, and the expansion of the heated water of the tropics caused the ice which prevailed to disappear, and also created the Gulf Stream, which is thought to have received the circular course which it still retains from the coast outline of Atlantis around which it flowed.

THE STARTING-POINT OF THE AZTECS, ACCORDING TO THE BOTURINI PICTURED WRITING.

ELEPHANT PIPE, LOUISA COUNTY, IOWA.

ELEPHANT-TRUNK HEAD-DRESS, PALENQUE.

BEARDED HEAD FROM TEOTIHUACAN.

ANCIENT MEXICAN VASE.

The deluge legends which exist among the Indians of North America, and which bear a strange resemblance to those of the Old World, are but another confirmation of the belief in the existence of Atlantis, and of its sudden destruction. Among the Aztecs, Tlascalans, and other Mexican tribes the most ancient records preserve the legend of a god who came from the east in a boat, bringing with him the knowledge of agriculture and other useful arts, and also of a terrible catastrophe, when a great deluge destroyed a vast country in a single day, so that even the mountains sank into the water, and only a few of the inhabitants escaped on a raft made of cypress-wood. The deluge legends of the Eastern continent vary so little from those of Mexico that they appear to be simply two versions of the same story, and it may be supposed that while ships from Atlantis carried terrified passengers to tell the story of the dreadful catastrophe to the people of the Mediterranean shores, other ships, flying from the tempest, bore similar awful tidings to the civilized races around the Gulf of Mexico. The Toltecs and Aztecs of Mexico traced their migrations back to a starting-point called "Aztlan," the location of which has been the subject of much unsatisfactory discussion; but assuming Atlantis to have been their father-land, many points hitherto shrouded in mystery become at once as clear as daylight.

All the traditions of Yucatan refer to the founders of the race as coming from the east in ships, and on the monuments of that country and of Central America the same style of ornamentation is found as on monuments of the opposite continent, and the architectural forms are evidently from the same models. American antique sculptures also possess representations of bearded men, although the American Indians were beardless. Representations of heads with unmistakable negro features are also found throughout Yucatan, Mexico, and Central America. As the negroes have never been a sea-going race, the presence of these faces among American antiquities proves one of two things—either the existence of a land connection between America and Africa *viâ* Atlantis, as revealed by the deep-sea soundings of the *Challenger*, or commercial relations between America and Africa through the ships of the Atlanteans or some other civilized race.

If Mexico owes its civilization to Atlantis, the same power extended up the Mississippi Valley far to the northward. Among the Indian tribes of the Northern United States the deluge legend exists with but slight variation from the Mexican form. The Mound-builders dwelt there as they dwelt in Mexico, and the mounds they erected are fashioned on the same general principles as the mounds and pyramids of the Eastern continent. In America numerous representations of the elephant are also found, so perfect that their makers must have been familiar with the appearance of that animal. According to Plato, the elephant was common in Atlantis, and representations of it would easily have found their way to America.

Added to all these convincing proofs of ancient intercourse between the Eastern and Western continents, are many others which are presented at length by Mr. Donnelly in his interesting book.

The similarity of customs and superstitions, of weapons and domestic utensils, and of alphabets and languages, is so remarkable that it is much more reasonable to suppose them the outgrowth of one civilization than the result of accidental coincidence.

NEGRO IDOLS FOUND AT SAN JUAN DE TEOTIHUACAN.

ANCIENT MEXICAN RELICS.—From "Atlantis," by Ignatius Donnelly.

THE HON. SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE, UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 179.]

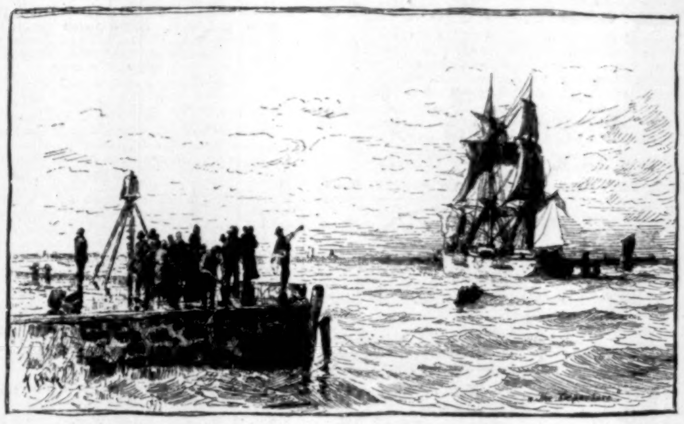
THE HON. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA.

Photographed by I. W. Taber.—[See Page 187.]

INDIAN SUMMER.—Jervis McEntee, N.A.

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.—Prof. J. H. Niemeyer (Yale S. of F. A.).

CHARGING THE BATTERY.—Gilbert Gaul, A.N.A.



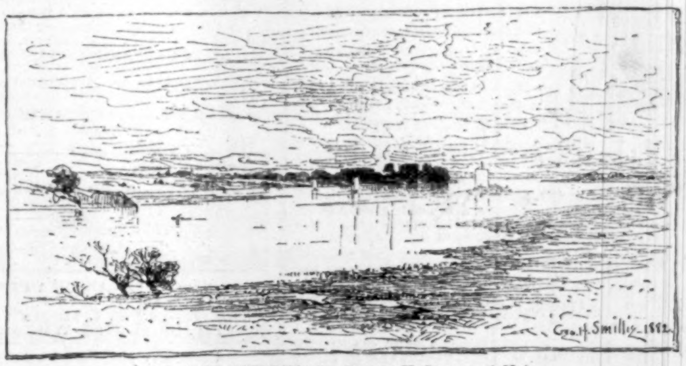
THE DEPARTURE.—Harry Chase.

"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."—G. A. McKinstry.

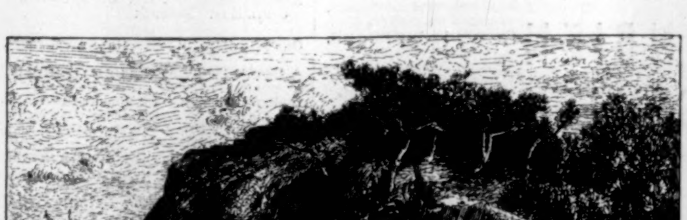
THE PEDDLER'S VISIT.—Hamilton Hamilton.

THROWING THE SEINE.—M. J. Burns.

IN THE WOODS.—J. L. Fitch, A.N.A.



ON THE MERRIMAC.—George H. Smillie, A.N.A.



NONQUITT CLIFF.—R. Swain Gifford, N.A.

AN INTERESTING GAME, CAIRO CAFÉ.—F. A. Bridgman, N.A.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY—SELECTIONS FROM ILLUSTRATIONS IN C. M. KURTZ'S "ACADEMY NOTES FOR 1882."—[See Page 187.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The removal of Jumbo from the London Zoo continues to excite the people of England. On a single day recently no fewer than 8571 persons visited the Gardens to take a farewell look at the monster elephant. Last year, on the corresponding day, the number of visitors was only 674. Within a short time the officers of the Gardens have received between six and seven hundred communications in regard to the removal. Some of the writers inclose buns for Jumbo, which were promptly given to him.

The activity at present prevailing in business circles is strikingly shown by the unusually large amount of mail matter daily passing through the New York Post-office. An illustration of this fact may be found in the following statistics of the outward dispatches of mails on the 16th inst.: Domestic mail matter originating in New York city, 609 pouches, 4507 sacks; domestic matter in transit from and to other offices, 112 pouches, 222 sacks; foreign mail matter originating in New York city, 64 pouches, 71 sacks; foreign mail matter in transit from other offices, 8 pouches, 37 sacks—total number, 793 pouches, 4837 sacks, representing 991,250 letters and circulars, and 1,219,250 newspapers and packages, forwarded by 109 different dispatches, and necessitating 152 wagon trips. Of the above, the weight of mail matter forwarded over but three of the railroad lines leading from this city aggregated 166,632 pounds, or about 74 tons. These figures include only the matter sent from this city, without taking into account the heavy mass of local and other letters, papers, etc., received and posted here for delivery from the central Post-office and its branches.

Furniture made in England for the new palace of the King of Siam has recently been on view in London. The royal bed is an elaborate structure in walnut and gold, and has a dome-like canopy. Its width is fourteen feet, and its height more than twenty; the hangings are of rich pink silk, and the interior is elaborately quilted in satin. Some of the chairs are upholstered in fine needle-work flowers. Each article has the arms of the kingdom elaborately worked into it.

An aged crow that could speak a dozen words distinctly died recently in Bedford, Massachusetts. He might have become famous in society but for his shocking profanity, which made his seclusion necessary. His early education had been very bad.

Canipacho, an untutored Seminole boy, makes excellent drawings of Florida scenery, and is to be instructed in art.

When the science of managing pedestrian contests shall have progressed to that stage where none but millionaires can afford to become contestants, perhaps we shall have honest walking.

A writer says that Washington ladies who carry pistols are fastidious about the mountings of the weapons, often paying as much as eighteen dollars for a tiny revolver. Some of them are good markswomen, and they have not yet furnished a single case of didn't-know-it-was-loaded.

The United States consul at Buenos Ayres recommends ostrich-raising as a profitable industry, and says that a full-grown bird, worth a thousand dollars, requires only a little over an acre of pasture. If the acre should happen to be a well-equipped brick-yard, it is possible that two ostriches might satisfy their appetites on it, with a few kegs of nails thrown in occasionally to make their diet a little more hearty.

Herr Raphael, of Breslau, makes masks of mica, designed to protect the face from heat, flying particles of injurious matter, or noxious vapors. They are made with metallic frames, and fit so closely for some uses that they are provided with flexible tubes for the admission of air, in the funnel-shaped ends of which are pieces of moistened sponge. They are transparent, and of light weight, and are used by workers with fire or acids, by stone-cutters, grinders and burnishers of metal, and any other workers who are liable to be injured by heat or dust.

A Washington lawyer was perplexed as to how he should refer to the opposing counsel in a suit in which the woman-lawyer, Belva Lockwood, had been retained on the other side. He could not say "my learned brother," and he had doubts as to the propriety of speaking of her as his sister. What he finally did was to settle down upon the expression, "my erudite sister-in-law."

The Channel Tunnel, now in process of construction, was recently a subject of debate in the English Parliament. In the course of the discussion Sir John Hay insisted that the safety of the kingdom depended on the "silver streak" between England and France. "If the infernal mole-holes under the Channel were accomplished for the sake of saving a few old women the pains of seasickness," a report of his argument reads, "no one could say what would happen. If the tunnel were constructed in the interests of the old women, he hoped they would all go to France and never come back again." An English paper takes the orator to task for his irreverent allusion to the mothers of the kingdom, and says that "no less a person than the commander-in-chief confessed the other night that he always suffered extremely from seasickness." The same paper holds, however, that if out of one hundred chances there was one that some band of fellows might crawl through from the mainland and work destruction on the island, that one chance should not be taken.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
In sea-sickness is of great value. Its action on the nerves of the disturbed stomach is soothing and effective.
—[*Adv.*]

The market being flooded with vile imitations and adulterated goods, it is extremely unwise to undervalue or condemn the Cubeb Cigarette as a remedy for Catarrh, Hay-Fever, etc., until you have tried the *genuine* Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarette, which is the only *pure* and *reliable* article.—[*Adv.*]

MAUDE GRANGER.
Mr. Riker: Wallack's Theatre.
Dear Sir,—On application I find your Face Powder to be all you claim for it, and consider it a valuable addition to the toilet.
—[*Adv.*] Respectfully, Maude Granger.

Send name and address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook-book free.—[*Adv.*]

THE EASE WITH WHICH
It is assimilated specially adapts Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food to the delicate stomachs of infants and invalids.
—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

DITSON & CO. publish a very delightful series of standard and new books, designed to give, in an attractive literary form, all needed information about musical history and some portions of the study of music.
Town Libraries will confer a great favor on the musical people of the community by adding these books to their lists.
The Letters OF MENDELSSOHN (2 vols., each $1 75); MOZART (2 vols., each $1 50)—let us into the inner life of the great masters.
The Lives of BEETHOVEN ($2 00), of CHOPIN ($1 50), of GOTTSCHALK ($1 50), of HANDEL ($2 00), of ROSSINI ($1 75), of SCHUMANN ($1 50), of VON WEBER (2 vols., each $1 50), and of MENDELSSOHN ($1 50), are standard, exceedingly well written, and very readable books. Send for lists of other books.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

MRS. THOMPSON'S Celebrated patent "**WAVE.**" The unparalleled success of this charming addition to a lady's toilet, is due to their **convenience, comfort,** and the **decided improved appearance** given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute **necessity** to ladies whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in crimp. Being made of **Nature's Curly Hair,** they **cannot** get out of wave. They have no **false wig-like** look, so observable in **all** other waves and crimps. Does away with crimping pins, and the danger of ruining the hair. **Price, $6 to $12** (blonde and gray extra). Sent C. O. D. with privilege of exchanging. To be had **only** of **Mrs. C. Thompson.** 12 East 14th St., N. Y. Send for Illustrated Catalogue free. No agents.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand. Catalogue of works, with Phonographic Alphabet and illustrations for beginners, sent on application. Address, **BENN PITMAN, Cincinnati, O.**

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods.
Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

WHAT SHALL WE ACT?—A list of over one thousand Plays to select from will be sent *free* to all applicants. Send your address to
Post-Office Box 3410, New York.

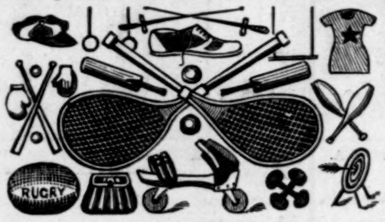
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb. and lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Headquarters for all Games and Sports.



General Catalogue for 1882 (No. 40), 194 pages, 800 illustrations of Firemen's, Boating, and Gymnasium Goods, Skates, Model Engines and Figures, Air-Guns, Targets, Revolvers, Scroll-Saws and Fixtures, Wigs, Beards, and all Theatrical Outfits, Clog and Song-and-Dance Shoes, Magic Tricks, Musical Instruments, Chess, Checkers, Dominoes, Cribbage, &c., and all the best Novelties, sent by mail for **10** cents.

PECK & SNYDER,
126, 128, and 130 Nassau Street, N. Y.

CHAMPAGNE.

This wine is acknowledged by judges to be the best cuvée now in existence. It is selected by the Czar, and is largely consumed by the nobility of Russia, who are known to be connoisseurs of champagne.

Gibson, Dulany, & Meyer, Sole Agents, 40 Beaver St., New York; 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.

BRANCH OFFICES } **1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.**
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.
110 West Baltimore St., Baltimore.

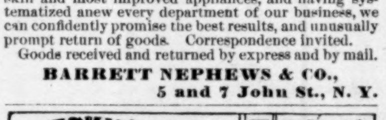
Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c.,* of *all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*

Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole.*

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.

Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.



Send stamp for **ILLUSTRATED BOOK of INSTRUCTION** in LAWN TENNIS, with descriptive price-list. **E. I. HORSMAN, Manufacturer, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.**

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

75 cents the box.

NOVELTY CARRIAGE.
IN WILLOW AND WOOD.
AN UMBRELLA PROTECTS FROM SUN OR RAIN.
Beware of Imitations.
Send for Circular to
L. P. TIBBALS,
820 Broadway, New York.
Next Block above Stewart's.

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDEST and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

40 Large Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. **G. I. REED & CO.,** Nassau, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS'
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.
A MANUAL OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE: Comprising Brief Descriptions of the most important Histories in English, French, and German, together with Practical Suggestions as to Methods and Courses of Historical Study. For the Use of Students, General Readers, and Collectors of Books. By Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D., Professor of History in the University of Michigan. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

II.
CHARLES LAMB. By Alfred Ainger. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. The Latest Volume issued in the "English Men of Letters."

III.
CICERONIS DE FINIBUS Bonorum et Malorum Libri quinque. D. Io. Nicolaus Madvigius Recensuit et Enarravit. 18mo, Paper, 32 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.
Cæsar.—Sallust.—Vergil.—Ciceronis Orationes Selectae.—Horace.—Lucretius.—Ciceronis Tusculanae Disputationes.—Æschylus.—Sophocles.—Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitia et de Officiis.—Cicero de Natura Deorum, de Divinatione, de Fato.—Xenophon.—Herodotus. 2 vols.—Thucydides. 2 vols.—Euripides. 3 vols.—Platonis Dialogi VI.—Ciceronis Epistulae Selectae.—Cicero de Finibus. 18mo, Paper, 32 cents a vol.; Cloth, 50 cents a vol.

IV.
SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

Uniform with *Rolfe's English Classics:* The Merchant of Venice.—Julius Cæsar.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Richard II.—Richard III.—Macbeth.—A Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Henry V.—As You Like It.—Hamlet.—Much Ado About Nothing.—Romeo and Juliet.—Othello.—Twelfth Night.—The Winter's Tale.—King John.—Henry IV. Part I.—Henry IV. Part II.—King Lear.—The Taming of the Shrew.—All 's Well that Ends Well.—Coriolanus.—The Comedy of Errors.—Cymbeline.—Antony and Cleopatra.—Measure for Measure.—Merry Wives of Windsor.—Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems. 16mo, Cloth, Illustrated, 56 cents per volume; Paper, 40 cents per volume.

V.
MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS. Being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, Cornwall, 1835 to 1871. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VI.
HASWELL'S ENGINEERS' AND MECHANICS' POCKET-BOOK. Forty-First Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 12mo, Cloth, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00.

VII.
THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D., Author of "History of the English People," "Short History of the English People," &c., &c. With Maps. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VIII.
HESPEROTHEN; Notes from the West: a Record of a Ramble in the United States and Canada in the Spring and Summer of 1881. By William Howard Russell, LL.D. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

IX.
ATLANTIS: the Antediluvian World. By Ignatius Donnelly. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

X.
OLD GREEK EDUCATION. By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., Fellow and Tutor, Trinity College, Dublin; Knight of the Order of the Saviour; Author of "Social Life in Greece," "A History of Greek Literature," "A Primer of Greek Antiquities," &c. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

XI.
FRENCH HISTORY FOR ENGLISH CHILDREN. By Sarah Brook. Edited by George Cary Eggleston. With Illustrations and Colored Maps. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XII.
GREAT MOVEMENTS, AND THOSE WHO ACHIEVED THEM. By Henry J. Nicoll. With Portraits. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

XIII.
THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1760 TO 1860. By Charles Duke Yonge, M.A. 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

XIV.
THE FOUR MACNICOLS. By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," &c. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE NEW NOVELS
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Tom Brown's School Days. Illustrated. 10 cents.

Beggar My Neighbor. By E. D. Gerard. 20 cents.

Love the Debt. By Basil. 20 cents.

Among the Ruins, and Other Stories. By Mary Cecil Hay. 15 cents.

One May Day. By Miss Grant. 20 cents.

A Heart's Problem. By Charles Gibbon. 10 cents.

God and the Man. By Robert Buchanan. 20 cents.

The Senior Partner. By Mrs. Riddell. 20 cents.

The Captains' Room. By Walter Besant and James Rice. 10 cents.

The Question of Cain. By Mrs. F. Cashel Hoey. 20 cents.

A Grape from a Thorn. By James Payn. 20 cents.

A Laodicean. By Thomas Hardy. With Two Illustrations. 20 cents.

The Comet of a Season. By Justin McCarthy. 20 cts.

Christowell. By R. D. Blackmore. 20 cents.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke. 20 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

We are now opening our Spring importation of Linen Sheetings, Pillow-Case and Bolster Linens, Damask Table-Cloths and Napkins, Damasks by the yard, Huck and Damask Towels and Towellings, together with a well-assorted stock of Foreign and Domestic White Goods, &c., &c.

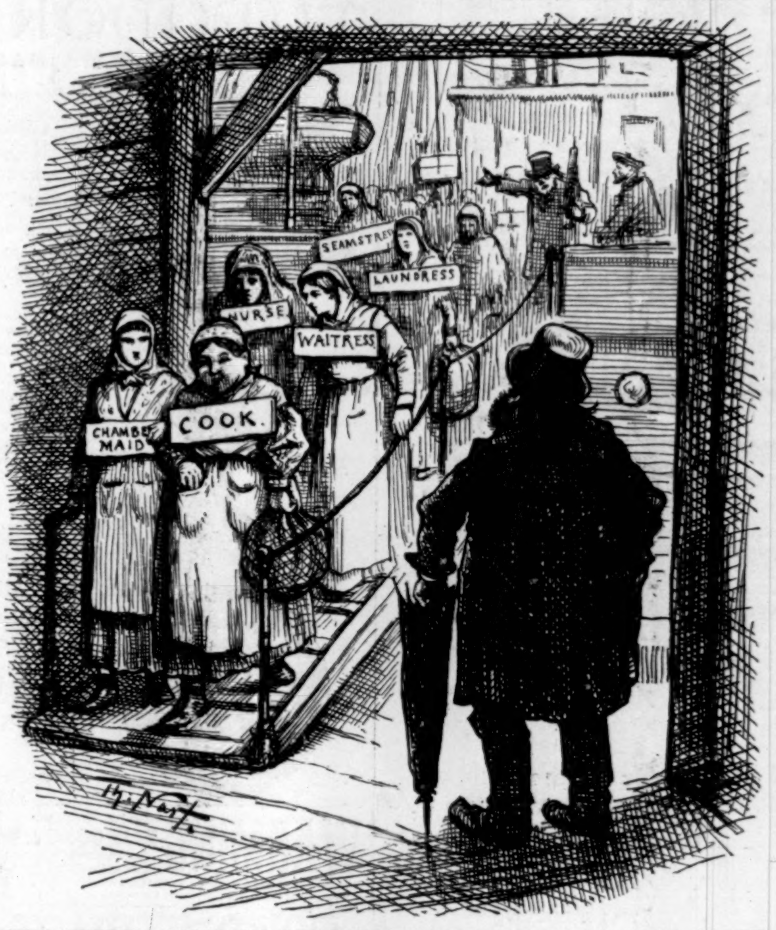
Broadway, corner 19th St.

E. A. MORRISON,
893 Broadway, N.Y.,
Importer and Retailer of Rich Novelties for each season in Dress

TRIMMINGS

and fine Buttons. Colored Gimps, Fringes, and Embroideries made to order, with Buttons to match. Orders by Mail promptly attended to.
P.S.—Wholesale Department second and third floors.

SEEDS & C FLOWERING
Bulbs, Seeds and Plants.
SHOULD SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.
REMEMBER we are the largest raisers of many classes of Plants in the country, and have the best facilities for transacting business.
50 acres—all flowers. **10** large Greenhouses.
V. H. HALLOCK, SON & THORPE, Queens, N.Y.
PLANTS BULBS



PURE WHITE "MORMON IMMIGRATION" ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.
More *cheap* "help-mates" for Mr. Polygamist.

Messrs. JAMES McCREERY & CO. have no formal opening, but are now EVERY DAY opening new and beautiful specialties in Silks, Satins, Dress Materials, &c.

Having anticipated the desire for an entire change in the character of Dress novelties, the exposition of this season's fabrics will show a wide departure from former styles and far excel the attractiveness of any previous one.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
Broadway, corner 11th St.

DRESS REFORM.

Union Undergarments,
Vests and Drawers in one, Made in all weights of Merino and Cashmere, Chemilettes Princess Skirts, Emancipation, Dress Reform, and Comfort Waists. *Corded Waists a Specialty.* New Illustrated Pamphlet Free. **Mrs. A. FLETCHER, 6. E. 14th St., N. Y. City.**

"ÆSTHETIC."
Send two 3-cent stamps for six cards "Patience" or Bunthorne's Bride. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In accordance with our advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates, the numbers, and the bound volumes of Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar previous to January 1, 1870, have been destroyed, and we therefore cannot fill orders for numbers or volumes prior to that date.

After July 1, 1882, we shall preserve back numbers of the Weekly, Magazine, and Bazar for three years back.

All orders for numbers or volumes of Harper's Magazine from 1850 to 1878 inclusive, Harper's Weekly from 1870 to 1878 inclusive, Harper's Bazar from 1870 to 1878 inclusive, should be sent in before July 1, 1882, as no orders received after that date will be supplied.

At present several numbers and volumes of the Magazine are out of stock. Orders for these will be entered on our order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1, 1882, as they can be printed.

The prices, postpaid, are as follows:

Magazine, per volume of 6 months, $3 00;
Magazine, per number, 35 cents.
Weekly and Bazar, per volume of 52 numbers, $7 00;
Weekly and Bazar, per number, 10 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.
CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.
Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

THE "WATERBURY" **$3.50.**—The Cheapest, Reliable STEM-WINDING **WATCH** In the World!

Every Watch warranted. They are so well known as *Correct Time Keepers,* that thousands are buying them in preference to higher priced watches.
Gents size, 2 in. diameter. By sending $3.65, I will send by Registered Mail and guarantee the Watch to reach you safely. F. DEWING, 233 BROADWAY, (*Main Store.*) New York City.

WELLING

COMPRESSED IVORY MFG. CO. (LIMITED).
White Brush, Mirror, and Comb, medium size, $5.00 set, in Satin Lined Case. Billiard Balls, 2⅜, $10.00 set. Pool, 2¼, striped same as Ivory, $30.00 set. Checks, 1½ inches, $3.50 per 100. **251 Centre Street, New York.** Established 1855.

CHEAPEST and BEST WATCHES in the world. Jewelry all kinds. Watch Materials. Watch Repairing. Send for Circular. COLLINS GOLD METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York.

CARDS Send two 3c. stamps to **Chas. Tollner, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.,** for a new set of large Chromo Cards and catalogue of latest designs published.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FANCY CARDS.—2 sets (10 cards), and catalogue new styles, 6c.; 5 sets, 15c. G. P. BROWN, Beverly, Mass.

DICK'S RECITATIONS----No. 14. Containing everything that is Fresh and Popular, including **CHARACTER SKETCHES, DIALECT PIECES, HUMOROUS, SENTIMENTAL, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, ELOQUENT, AND SERIOUS. Each Number Contains about 180 Pages of Reading Matter, printed on fine paper, from clear type. Paper Cover, price 30 cts.; or, Full Cloth, price 50 cts.** For sale by all Booksellers. Sample copies sent to any address upon receipt of price. ☞ Send for our Catalogue of Dialogues, Recitations, and Amateur Plays. **DICK & FITZGERALD, New York.**

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!
The Largest Establishment in Existence.
Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

IMPORTED ART TILES.

HEARTHS AND MANTEL FACINGS of every description. BATH-ROOM DECORATIONS a specialty. MOSAICS and every style of Flooring Tiles. BRIC-A-BRAC in Tiles, Ceramics, &c.
EDWARD BOOTE,
11 East 19th St., opposite Arnold, Constable, & Co.

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains five colored plates, 600 engravings, about 200 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address,
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

AMERICAN POLITICS, BY **Hon. THOS. V. COOPER.** 1100 pages. History of all Political Parties, by SENATOR COOPER. It gives everything pertaining to politics, and unites history, instruction and ready reference. Sold only by subscription; but subscriptions sent direct will be forwarded by mail or C. O. D. at Publishing Co's expense. Agents now wanted. Must apply early, for territory is being rapidly assigned. Book out about March 20th. Prospectus now ready.
Address FIRESIDE PUBLISHING CO.
20 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
UNION SQUARE.
SHERRIES, Pale, Dry, Fruity, &c., &c.
HOCKS, Burgundies, Clarets, Sauternes, &c., &c.
CHAMPAGNES, Dry or Fruity, Esteemed Varieties.
COGNACS, in Demijohns and Bottles.
GIN, Holland imported in Jugs.
MARMALADE, Jams, &c. Jas. Keiller & Son, Dundee.
FRUITS GLACÉS, also Preserves, Prunes without stones.
BISCUITS, Alberts and Waters, Middlemass, Edinburgh.

NOTICE.

Having reorganized our **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** we have assigned to MR. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

$275 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample *free.* Address **Jay Bronson,** Detroit, Mich.

Hires' Improved Root Beer, Package **25cts.** Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening and wholesome **Drink.** Sold by Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of **25cts.** Address CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Dr. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at sight.* You double your money. Address DR. CHASE'S Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

50 Extra Fine White Wedding Bristol Cards, Name in Script Type equal to an Engraved Card, 25 cts., postpaid. **GEO. I. REED & CO.,** Nassau, N. Y.

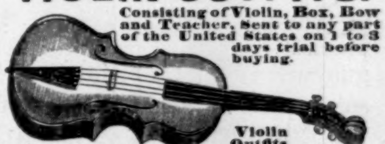
ROACHES, Rats, Cats, Mice, Ants, Flies, Insects, cleared out by "ROUGH ON RATS." 15c., druggists.

GIVEN Sample set Chromo Cards. Send 3c. stamp. WOODRUFF & SON, 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

40 CARDS all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in Case, name in gold and jet, 10c. WEST & Co., Westville, Conn.

$88 A week to Agents. **$10 Outfit Free.** RIDEOUT & CO., 10 BARCLAY ST., N. Y.

$75 per week to Agents, male or female. Splendid chance. Address Garside & Co., 201 B'way, N.Y.

VIOLIN OUTFITS.

Consisting of Violin, Box, Bow and Teacher, Sent to any part of the United States on 1 to 3 days trial before buying.
Violin Outfits at $3.50, $7., $12. & $22 each. Send Stamp for **Beautifully Illustrated** 36 page Catalogue of Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Cornets, Flutes, Strings all kinds, Harmonicas, Organ Accordeons, Music Boxes, &c. **Lowest Prices.** Mail Orders a Specialty. C. W. Story, 26 Central St. Boston, Mass.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE / HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling **Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters,** etc. **Sample outfit Free.** Address **Queen City Suspender Co.,** Cincinnati, O.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.